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JANUARY 1904.

THE SEA-BORN MAN.

I HAVE wandered too far from the foam on the shore, from the sand
and the grey-blowing grass,
Since I came from the dim of the deep ocean land through the
clear-shining country to pass.

I whistled and sang because never before

A Sea Man had come from the sea,

And I laughed to the children who played at the door,

Till the children came laughing at me.

‘O see the Gaberlunzie man!’

The silly crazy outland man!’

And after me, all after me the village people ran.

Of the soft-woven weed was my mantle of grey, and a garland of
pearls in my hair;

Through the beautiful city that shines to the sea methought like
a prince I should fare.

O the gay market-booths in the square on the hill!

O the banner that blows o’er the gate!

But the people were sure that I meant them some ill

And whispered with faces of hate,

‘Come catch and kill the stranger man,

The ugly evil outland man,’

And fast as foam along the sea, across the fields I ran.

Through the waves of the meadow I followed the wind and watched
all alone in my mirth,

How the little warm creatures, the brown and the grey, did caper
for joy of the earth.

And the songs in the sky were a merry mad crowd,
 Running races of shrill and of sweet;
 I thought they were spirits that sang in a cloud
 Till a lark fluttered down at my feet.
 And O the liquid utterings,
 Dainty flights and flutterings
 Here and there of hedgerow birds with pretty painted wings.

Where the forest is dim like the green water-world and the
 gossamers float in the dew,
 I went till I heard how a multitude sang, and fain had I sung
 with them too.

 There was surging of sound from a palace of spires,
 A throng in its cavernous gate,
 It was piercèd with rubies and walled with sapphires
 And carven with kings in their state.
 'O fair,' I said, 'to see and hear!
 What though they kill me I'll come near,
 'Twere shame on thee, thou sea-born man, a bitter shame to fear.'

So I strode from the forest and shook my long hair, as I stood
 like a rock on the turf,
 And sang the great song that the sea-heroes sing, when they clash
 in the roar of the surf.

 There was shadow behind me and silence before,
 And then came a terrible cry,
 And far o'er the meadows and in at the door
 I saw the pale multitude fly.
 The mighty gates with hollow sound
 Shut after them, and round and round
 Their palace fair I walked and cried and never entrance found.

At evening I heard the slow sigh of the wood and thought it a
 voice that I knew.

I said, 'I will break through the rampart of green and suddenly
 burst on the blue.'

 O the frank open spaces, the sea and the sky,
 Where the winds spread their wings and are free!
 But the shadows grow darker, the twilight goes by
 While I wander and look for the sea.

Among the thickets of the thorn
 I lay my body cold and torn,
 And on the bough a sea-born wind doth rock itself and mourn.

Thou wind that art talking alone in the wood the speech of the
 wave on the shore,
 Go tell to my love I am drowned in the wood and never shall
 come to her more.

Go tell to my mother who watches alone,

Ah, not how I wandered and died !

But say that afar on a porphyry throne

I sit with a queen at my side ;

Go say to her who'll watch in vain,

Though never may I come again,

Yet happily, most happily beyond the hills I reign.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

*THE TRUANTS.*¹

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER I.

PAMELA MARDALE LEARNS A VERY LITTLE HISTORY.

THERE were only two amongst all Pamela Mardale's friends who guessed that anything was wrong with her; and those two included neither her father nor her mother. Her mother, indeed, might have guessed, had she been a different woman. But she was a woman of schemes and little plots, who watched with concentration their immediate developments, but had no eyes for any lasting consequence. And it was no doubt as well for her peace of mind that she never guessed. But of the others it was unlikely that anyone would suspect the truth. For Pamela made no outward sign. She hunted through the winter from her home under the Croft Hill in Leicestershire; she went everywhere, as the saying is, during the season in London; she held her own in her own world, lacking neither good spirits nor the look of health. There were, perhaps, two small peculiarities which marked her off from her companions. She was interested in things rather than in persons, and she preferred to talk to old men rather than to youths. But such points, taken by themselves, were not of an importance to attract attention.

Yet there were two amongst her friends who suspected: Alan Warrisden and the schoolmaster of Roquebrune, the little village carved out of the hillside to the east of Monte Carlo. The schoolmaster was the nearer to the truth, for he not only knew that something was amiss, he suspected what the something was. But then he had a certain advantage, since he had known Pamela Mardale when she was a child. Their acquaintance came about in the following way:

He was leaning one evening of December over the parapet of the tiny square beside the schoolhouse, when a servant from the Villa Pontignard approached him.

'Could M. Giraud make it convenient to call at the villa at

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noon to-morrow?' the servant asked. 'Madame Mardale was anxious to speak to him.'

M. Giraud turned about with a glow of pleasure upon his face. 'Certainly,' he replied. 'But nothing could be more simple. I will be at the Villa Pontignard as the clock strikes.'

The servant bowed, and without another word paced away across the square and up the narrow winding street of Roquebrune, leaving the schoolmaster a little abashed at his display of eagerness. M. Giraud recognised that in one man's mind, at all events, he was now set down for a snob, for a lackey disguised as a schoolmaster. But the moment of shame passed. He had no doubt as to the reason of the summons, and he tingled with pride from head to foot. It was his little brochure upon the history of the village—written with what timidity, and printed at what cost to his meagre purse!—which had brought him recognition from the lady of the villa upon the spur of the hill. Looking upwards he could just see the white walls of the villa glimmering through the dusk, he could imagine its garden of trim lawns and dark cypresses falling from bank to bank in ordered tiers down the hillside.

'To-morrow at noon,' he repeated to himself, and now he was seized with a shiver of fear at the thought of the mistakes in behaviour which he was likely to make. What if Madame Mardale asked him to breakfast? There would be unfamiliar dishes to be eaten with particular forks. Sometimes a knife should be used and sometimes not. He turned back to the parapet with the thought that he had better, perhaps, send up a note in the morning pleading his duties at the school as a reason for breaking his engagement. But he was young, and as he looked down the steep slope of rock on which the village is perched, anticipation again got the better of fear. He began to build up his life like a fairy palace from the foundation of this brief message.

A long lane of steps led winding down from the square, and his eyes followed it, as his feet had often done, to the little railway station by the sea through which people journeyed to and fro between the great cities, westwards to France and Paris, eastwards to Rome and Italy. His eyes followed the signal lights towards another station of many lamps far away to the right, and as he looked there blazed out suddenly other lights of a great size and a glowing brilliancy, lights which had the look of amazing jewels discovered in an eastern cave. These were the

lights upon the terrace of Monte Carlo. The schoolmaster had walked that terrace on his mornings of leisure, had sat unnoticed on the benches, all worship of the women and their daintiness, all envy of the men and the composure of their manner. He knew none of them, and yet one of them had actually sent for him, and had heard of his work. He was to speak with her at noon to-morrow.

Let it be said at once that there was nothing of the lackey under the schoolmaster's shabby coat. The visit which he was bidden to pay was to him not so much a step upwards as outwards. Living always in this remote high village, where the rock cropped out between the houses, and the streets climbed through tunnels of rock, he was always tormented with visions of great cities and thoroughfares ablaze; he longed for the jostle of men, he craved for other companionship than he could get in the village wineshop on the first floor, as a fainting man craves for air. The stars came out above his head; it was a clear night, and they had never shone brighter. The Mediterranean, dark and noiseless, swept out at his feet beyond the woods of Cap Martin. But he saw neither the Mediterranean nor any star. His eyes turned to the glowing terrace upon his right, and to the red signal-lamps below the terrace.

M. Giraud kept his engagement punctually. The clock chimed upon the mantelpiece a few seconds after he was standing in the drawing-room of the Villa Pontignard, and before the clock had stopped chiming Mrs. Mardale came in to him. She was a tall woman, who, in spite of her years, still retained the elegance of her youth, but her face was hard and a trifle querulous, and M. Giraud was utterly intimidated. On the other hand, she had good manners, and the friendly simplicity with which she greeted him began to set him at his ease.

'You are a native of Roquebrune, Monsieur?' said she.

'No, Madame, my father was a peasant at Aigues-Mortes. I was born there,' he replied frankly.

'Yet you write, if I may say so, with the love of a native for his village,' she went on. M. Giraud was on the point of explaining. Mrs. Mardale, however, was not in the least interested in his explanation, and she asked him to sit down.

'My daughter, Monsieur, has an English governess,' she explained, 'but it seems a pity that she should spend her winters here and lose the chance of becoming really proficient in French.

The curé recommended me to apply to you, and I sent for you to see whether we could arrange that you should read history with her in French during your spare hours.'

M. Giraud felt his head turning. Here was his opportunity so long dreamed of come at last. It might be the beginning of a career, it was at all events that first difficult step outwards. He was to be the teacher in appearance, at the bottom of his heart he knew that he was to be the pupil. He accepted the offer with enthusiasm, and the arrangements were made. Three afternoons a week he was to spend an hour at the Villa Pontignard.

'Well, I hope the plan will succeed,' said Mrs. Mardale, but she spoke in a voice which showed that she had no great hopes of success. And as M. Giraud replied that he would at all events do his best, she rejoined plaintively:

'It is not of you, Monsieur, that I have any doubts. But you do not know my daughter. She will learn nothing which she does not want to learn, she will not endure any governess who is not entirely her slave, and she is fifteen and she really must learn something.'

Pamela Mardale, indeed, was at this time the despair of her mother. Mrs. Mardale had mapped out for her daughter an ideal career. She was to be a model of decorum in the Early Victorian style, at once an ornament for a drawing-room and an excellent housekeeper, and she was subsequently to make a brilliant marriage. The weak point of the scheme was that it left Pamela out of the reckoning. There was her passion for horses for one thing, and her distinct refusal, besides, to sit quietly in any drawing-room. When she was a child horses had been persons to Pamela rather than animals, and, as her conduct showed, persons preferable by far to human beings. Visitors to the house under Croft Hill were at times promised a sight of Pamela, and indeed they sometimes did see a girl in a white frock, with long black legs, and her hair tumbled all over her forehead, neighing and prancing at them from behind the gate of the stable yard. But they did not see her at closer quarters than that, and it was certain that if by any chance her lessons were properly learnt, they had been learnt upon the corn-bin in the stables. Portraits of Pamela at the age of nine remain, and they show a girl who was very pretty, but who might quite well have been a boy, with a mass of unruly dark hair, a pair of active dark eyes,

and a good-humoured face alertly watching for any mischief which might come its way.

Something of the troubles which M. Giraud was likely to find ahead of him Mrs. Mardale disclosed that morning, and the schoolmaster returned to his house filled with apprehensions. The apprehensions, however, were not justified. The little schoolmaster was so shy, so timid, that Pamela was disarmed. She could be gentle when she chose, and she chose now. She saw, too, M. Giraud's anxiety to justify her mother's choice of him, and she determined with a sense of extreme virtue to be a credit to his teaching. They became friends, and thus one afternoon, when they had taken their books out into the garden of the villa, M. Giraud confided to her the history of the brochure which had made them acquainted.

'It was not love for Roquebrune which led me to write it,' he said. 'It was, on the contrary, my discontent. I was tortured with longings, I was not content with the children's lessons for my working hours, and the wineshop for my leisure. I took long walks over Cap Martin to Mentone, along the Corniche road to La Turbie, and up Mont Agel. But still I had my longings as my constant companions, and since everywhere I saw traces of antiquity, I wrote this little history as a relief. It kept my thoughts away from the great world.'

The garden ran here to a point at the extreme end of that outcropping spur of rock on which the villa was built. They were facing westwards, and the sun was setting behind the hills. It lay red upon the Mediterranean on their left, but the ravine and front was already dark, and down the hillside the shadows of the trees were lengthening. At their feet, a long way below, a stream tumbled and roared amongst the oleanders in the depths of the ravine. Pamela sat gazing downwards, her lips parted in a smile.

'The great world,' she said in a low voice of eagerness. 'I wonder what it's like.'

That afternoon marked a distinct step in their friendship, and thereafter in the intervals of their reading they talked continually upon this one point they had in common, their curiosity as to the life of the world beyond their village. But it happened that Pamela did the greater part of the talking, and one afternoon that fact occurred to her.

'You always listen now, Monsieur,' she said. 'Why have you grown so silent?'

'You know more than I do, Mademoiselle.'

'I?' she exclaimed in surprise. 'I only know about horses.' Then she laughed. 'Really, we both know nothing. We can only guess and guess.'

And that was the truth. Pamela's ideas of the world were as visionary, as dreamlike as his, but they were not his, as he was quick to recognise. The instincts of her class, her traditions, the influence of her friends, were all audible in her voice as well as in her words. To her the world was a great flower garden of pleasure with plenty of room for horses. To him it was a crowded place of ennobling strife.

'But it's pleasant work guessing,' she continued, 'isn't it? Then why have you stopped?'

'I will tell you, Mademoiselle. I am beginning to guess through your eyes.'

The whistle of a train, the train from Paris, mounted through the still air to their ears.

'Well,' said Pamela, with a shrug of impatience, 'we shall both know the truth some time.'

'You will, Mademoiselle,' said the schoolmaster, suddenly falling out of his dream.

Pamela looked quickly at him. The idea that he would be left behind, that he would stay here all his life listening to the sing-song drone of the children in the schoolroom, teaching over and over again with an infinite weariness the same elementary lessons, until he became shabby and worn as the lesson-books he handled, had never struck her till this moment. The trouble which clouded his face was reflected by sympathy upon hers.

'But you won't stay here,' she said gently. 'Oh no! Let me think!' and she thought with a child's oblivion of obstacles and a child's confidence. She imparted the wise result of her reflections to M. Giraud the next afternoon.

He came to the garden with his eyes fevered and his face drawn.

'You are ill?' said Pamela. 'We will not work to-day.'

'It's nothing,' he replied.

'Tell me,' said she.

M. Giraud looked out across the valley.

'Two travellers came up to Roquebrune yesterday. I met them as I walked home from here. I spoke to them and showed

them the village, and took them by the short cut of the steps down to the railway station. They were from London. They talked of London and of Paris. It's as well visitors come up to Roquebrune rarely. I have not slept all night,' and he clasped and unclasped his hands.

'Hannibal crossed the Alps,' said Pamela. 'I read it in your book,' and then she shook a finger at him, just as the schoolmaster might have done to one of his refractory pupils.

'Listen,' said she. 'I have thought it all out.'

The schoolmaster composed himself into the attentive attitude of a pupil.

'You are to become a Deputy.'

That was the solution of the problem. Pamela saw no difficulties. He would need a dress-suit of course for official occasions, which she understood were numerous. A horse, too, would be of use, but that didn't matter so much. The horse was regretfully given up. It might come later. He must get elected first, never mind how. In a word, he was as good as a Deputy already. And from a Deputy to the President of the French Republic, the step after all was not so very long. 'Though I am not quite sure that I approve of Republics,' said Pamela very seriously.

However, that was the best she could do in the way of mapping out his future, and the schoolmaster listened, seeing the world through her eyes. Thus three winters passed and Pamela learned a very little history.

Towards the end of the third winter the history books were put away. Pamela was now eighteen and looking eagerly forward to her first season in London. And no doubt frocks and hats occupied more of her thoughts than did the fortunes of the schoolmaster. Some remorse for her forgetfulness seized her the day before she went away. It was a morning of spring, and the schoolmaster saw her coming down the dark narrow streets towards him. She was tall beyond the average, but without ungainliness, long of limb and lightly built, and she walked with the very step of youth. Her dark hair swept in two heavy waves above her forehead and was coiled down behind on the back of her neck. Her throat rose straight and slim from the firm shoulders, and her eyes glowed with anticipation. Though her hair was dark, she was not fallow. Her face was no less fresh and clear than were her eyes, and a soft colour like the bloom of a fruit brightened

her cheeks. In that old brown street she shone like a brilliant flower, and Giraud, as he watched her, felt all at once that he could have no place in her life, and in his humility he turned aside. But she ran after him and caught him up.

'I am going to-morrow,' she said, and she tried to keep the look of happiness out of her eyes, the thrill out of her voice. And she failed.

'It is good-bye, then,' said he.

'For a little while. I shall come back to Roquebrune in December.'

The schoolmaster smiled.

'I shall look forward from to-day until that month comes. You will have much to tell me.'

'Yes, shan't I?' she cried, and then, lest her eagerness should hurt her friend, she added: 'But I shall not forget our quiet afternoons on the garden terrace.'

The recollection of them, however, was not strong enough to check either her thoughts or their utterance. Later on perhaps, in after years, she might in her musings return to that terrace and the speculations they indulged in, and the fairy palaces they built, with an envy of the ignorance and the high thoughts of youth. To-day she was all alert to grasp the future in her hands. One can imagine her looking much as she looked in those portraits of her childhood.

'News of the great world,' she cried. 'I shall bring it back. We will talk it over in Roquebrune and correct our guesses. For I shall know.'

As a fact they never did talk over her news, but that she could not foresee. She went on her way with a smile upon her face: all confidence and courage, and expectation, a brilliant image of youth. Giraud, as he watched her, the proud poise of her head, the light springing step, the thing of beauty and gentleness which she was, breathed a prayer that no harm might come to her, and no grief ever sadden her face.

The next morning she went away, and the schoolmaster lost his one glimpse of the outer world. But he lived upon the recollections of it and took again to his long walks on the Corniche road. The time hung heavily upon his hands. He hungered for news and no news came, and when in the month of December he noticed that the shutters were opened in the Villa Pontignard, and that there was a stir of servants about the house, he felt that

the shutters were being opened after a long dark time from his one window on the outside world. He frequented the little station from that moment. No 'Rapide' passed from France on its way to Italy during his leisure hours but he was there to watch its passengers. Mrs. Mardale came first, and a fortnight afterwards Pamela descended from a carriage with her maid.

Giraud watched her with a thrill of longing. It was not merely his friend who had returned but his instructor, with new and wonderful knowledge added to the old.

Then came his first chilling moment of disillusion. It was quite evident that she saw him as she was stepping on to the platform. Her eyes went straight to his—and yet she turned away without the slightest sign of recognition and busied herself about her luggage. The world had spoilt her. That was his first thought, but he came to a truer understanding afterwards. And indeed that thought had barely become definite in his mind, when she turned again, and, holding out her hand, came to him with a smile.

'You are well?' she said.

'Yes,' said he.

And they walked up the long flight of steps to Roquebrune talking banalities. She gave him none of the news for which he longed, and they spoke not at all of the career which together they had mapped out for him. All their long talks upon the terrace, their plans and their speculations seemed in an instant to Giraud to have become part of a pleasant, very foolish, and very distant past. He was aware of the vast gulf between them. With a girl's inimitable quickness to adapt herself to new surroundings she had acquired in the few months of her absence the ease, the polish, and the armour of a woman of the world. He was still the village schoolmaster, the peasant tortured with vain aspirations, feeding upon vain dreams; and in this moment he saw himself very clearly. Her silence upon their plan helped him to see himself thus. Had she still believed in that imagined career, surely she would have spoken of it. In a word, he was still looking at the world through her eyes.

'You must come up to the villa,' she said. 'I shall look forward to your coming.'

They were in the little square by the schoolhouse and he took the words for his dismissal. She went up the hill alone and

slowly like one that is tired. Giraud, watching her, could not but compare her with the girl who had come lightly down that street a few months ago. It dawned upon him that, though knowledge had been acquired, something had gone, something perhaps more valuable, the elasticity from her step, the eagerness from her eyes.

Giraud did not go up to the villa of his own accord, but he was asked to lunch in a week's time, and after lunch Pamela and he went out into the garden. Instinctively they walked down to that corner on the point of the bluff which overhung the ravine and the white torrent amongst the oleanders in its depths. They had come indeed to the bench on which they used to sit before Pamela was quite aware of the direction their steps had taken. She drew back suddenly as she raised her head.

'Oh no, not here,' she cried, and she moved away quickly with a look of pain. Giraud suddenly understood why she had turned away at the railway station. Here they had dreamed, and the reality had shown the dreams to be bitterly false, so false that the very place where they had dreamed had become by its associations a place of pain. She had needed for herself that first moment when she had stepped down from the carriage.

'The world must be the home of great troubles,' said Giraud sadly.

'And how do you know that?' Pamela asked with a smile.

'From you,' he replied simply.

The answer was unexpected. Pamela stopped and looked at him with startled eyes.

'From me? I have said nothing—nothing at all.'

'Yet I know. How else should I know except from you, since through you alone I see the world?'

'A home of great troubles?' she repeated, speaking lightly. 'Not for all. You are serious, my friend, this afternoon, and you should not be, for have I not come back?'

The schoolmaster was not deceived by her evasion. There had come a gravity into her manner, and a womanliness into her face, in a degree more than natural at her years.

'Let us talk of you for a change,' said she.

'Well, and what shall we say?' asked Giraud, and a constraint fell upon them both.

'We must forget those fine plans,' he continued at length.

'Is it not so? I think I have learnt that too from you.'

'I have said nothing,' she interrupted quickly.

'Precisely,' said he with a smile. 'The school at Roquebrune will send no Deputy to Paris.'

'Oh! why not?' said Pamela, but there was no conviction in her voice. Giraud was not of the stern stuff

To break his birth's invidious bar.

He had longings, but there was the end.

'At all events,' she said, turning to him with a great earnestness, 'we shall be friends always, whatever happens.'

The words were the death-knell to the schoolmaster's aspirations. They conveyed so much more than was actually said. He took them bravely enough.

'That is a good thing,' he said in all sincerity. 'If I stay here all my life, I shall still have the memory of the years when I taught you history. I shall know, though I do not see you, that we are friends. It is a great thing for me.'

'For me, too,' said Pamela, looking straight into his eyes, and she meant her words no less than he had meant his. Yet to both they had the sound of a farewell. And in a way they were. They were the farewell to the afternoons upon the terrace, they closed the door upon their house of dreams.

Giraud leaned that evening over the parapet in the little square of Roquebrune. The Mediterranean lay dark and quiet far below, the terrace of Monte Carlo glowed, and the red signal-lamps pointed out the way to Paris. But he was no longer thinking of his fallen plans. He was thinking of the girl up there in the villa who had been struck by some blind blow of Destiny, who had grown a woman before her time. It was a pity, it was a loss in the general sum of things which make for joy.

He had of course only his suspicions to go upon. But they were soon strengthened. For Pamela fell into ill-health, and the period of ill-health lasted all that winter. After those two years had passed she disappeared for a while altogether out of Giraud's sight. She came no more to the Villa Pontignard, but stayed with her father and her horses at her home in Leicestershire. Her mother came alone to Roquebrune.

CHAPTER II.

PAMELA LOOKS ON.

ALAN WARRISDEN was one of the two men who had walked up to Roquebrune on that afternoon of which M. Giraud spoke. But it was not until Pamela had reached the age of twenty that he made her acquaintance at Lady Millingham's house in Berkeley Square. He took her down to dinner, and to tell the truth paid no particular attention either to her looks or her conversation. His neighbour upon the other side happened to be a friend whom he had not seen for some while, and for a good part of the dinner he talked to her. A few days afterwards, however, he called upon Lady Millingham, and she asked at once quite eagerly:

'Well, what did you think of Pamela Mardale?'

Warrisden was rather at a loss. He was evidently expected to answer with enthusiasm and he had not any very definite recollections on which enthusiasm could be based. He did his best, however; but he was unconvincing. Lady Millingham shrugged her shoulders and frowned. She had been married precisely a year and was engaged in plans for marrying off all her friends with the greatest possible dispatch.

'I shall send you in with somebody quite old the next time you dine here,' she said severely, and she discoursed at some length upon Pamela's charms. 'She loves horses and yet she's not a bit horsey,' she said in conclusion, 'and there's really nothing better than that. And just heaps of men have wanted to marry her.' She leaned back against her sofa and contemplated Warrisden with silent scorn. She had set her heart upon this marriage more than upon any other. Of all the possible marriages in London, there was not one, to her mind, so suitable as this. Pamela Mardale came of one of the oldest families of commoners in Leicestershire. The family was not well off, the estate had shrunk year by year, and what was left was mortgaged, owing in some degree to that villa at Roquebrune upon which Mrs. Mardale insisted. Warrisden, on the other hand, was more than well off, his family was known, and at the age of twenty-eight he was still dividing his life between the season in London and shooting expeditions about the world. And he had the look of a man who might do something more.

That visit had its results. Warrisden met Pamela Mardale again and realised that Lady Millingham's indignation had been justified. At the end of that season he proposed and was gently refused. But if he was slow to move, he was also firm to persevere. He hunted with the Quorn that winter, and during the following season he was persistently but unobtrusively at her elbow; so that Pamela came at all events to count upon him as a most reliable friend. Having duly achieved that place in her thoughts, he disappeared for ten months and returned to town one afternoon in the last week of June. There were letters waiting for him in his rooms and amongst them a card from Lady Millingham inviting him to a dance upon that night. At eleven o'clock his coupé turned out of Piccadilly and entered Berkeley Square. At the bottom of the square the lighted windows of the house blazed out upon the night, the balconies were banked with flowers, and behind the flowers, silhouetted against the light, were visible the thronged faces of men and women. Warrisden leaned forward scrutinising the shapes of the heads, the contours of the faces. His sight, sharpened by long practice over wide horizons, was of the keenest; he could see, even at that distance, the flash of jewels on neck and shoulder. But the face he looked for was not there.

Lady Millingham, however, set his mind at ease.

'You are back then?' she cried.

'This afternoon.'

'You will find friends here.'

Warrisden passed on into the reception rooms. It seemed to him indeed that all the friends he had ever made were gathered to this one house on this particular evening. He was a tall man, and his height made him noticeable upon most occasions. He was the more noticeable now by reason of his sunburn and a certain look of exhilaration upon his face. The season was drawing to its end and brown faces were not so usual but that the eyes turned to them. He spoke, however, the fewest possible words to the men who greeted him, and he did not meet the eyes of any woman. Yet he saw the women, and was in definite quest of one of them. That might have been noticed by a careful observer, for whenever he saw a man older than the rest talking to a girl he quickened his pace that he might the sooner see that girl's face. He barely looked into the ball-room at all but kept to the corridors, and, at last, in a doorway, came face to face with Pamela Mardale. He

saw her face light up, and the hand held out to him was even eagerly extended.

‘Have you a dance to spare?’

Pamela looked quickly round upon her neighbours.

‘Yes, this one,’ she answered. She bowed to her companion, a man, as Warrisdén expected, much older than herself, and led the way at once towards the balcony. Warrisdén saw a youth emerge from the throng and come towards them. Pamela was tall and she used her height at this moment. She looked him in the face with so serene an indifference that the youth drew back disconcerted. Pamela was deliberately cutting her partners.

Another man might have built upon the act, but Warrisdén was shrewd, and shrewdness had taught him long since to go warily in thought where Pamela Mardale was concerned. She might merely be angry. He walked by her side and said nothing. Even when they were seated on the balcony, he left it for her to speak first. She was sitting upon the outside against the railing, so that the light from the windows streamed full upon her face. He watched it, looking for the change which he desired. But it had still the one fault he found with it. It was still too sedate, too womanly for her years.

‘I heard of you,’ she said. ‘You were shooting woodcock in Dalmatia.’

‘That was at Christmas.’

‘Yes. You were hurt there.’

‘Not seriously,’ he replied. ‘A sheepdog attacked me. They are savage brutes, and indeed they have to be, there are so many wolves. The worst of it is, if you are attacked, you mustn’t kill the dog, or there’s trouble.’

‘I heard of you again. You were at Quetta, getting together a caravan.’

‘That was in February. I crossed by the new trade-route from Quetta to Seistan.’

She had spoken in an indefinite tone, which left him with no clue to her thoughts. Now, however, she turned her eyes upon him, and said in a lower voice which was very gentle:

‘Don’t you think you might have told me that you were going away for a year?’

Warrisdén had gone away deliberately, and as deliberately he had abstained from telling her of his intention. He had no answer to make to her question, and he did not attempt to invent

one. He sat still and looked at her. She followed the question with another.

'Don't you think it would have been kinder if you had written to me once or twice, instead of letting me hear about you from any chance acquaintance?'

Again he made no answer. For he had deliberately abstained from writing. The gentleness with which she spoke was the most hopeful sign for him which she had made that evening. He had expected a harsher accusation. For Pamela made her claims upon her friends. They must put her first or there was likely to be a deal of trouble.

'Well,' she said, with a shrug of her shoulders. 'I hope you enjoyed it.'

'Yes. I wish I could have thought you would have enjoyed it too. But you wouldn't have.'

'No,' she answered listlessly.

Warrisden was silent. He had expected the answer, but he was none the less disappointed to receive it. To him there was no century in the history of the world comparable to that in which he lived. It had its faults of course. It was ugly and a trifle feverish, but to men of his stamp, the men with means and energy, a new world with countless opportunities had been opened up. Asia and Africa were theirs, and the farthest islands of the sea. Pamela, however, turned her back on it. The new trade route to Seistan had no message for her. She looked with envy upon an earlier century.

'Of course,' he resumed, 'it's pleasant to come back if only as a preparation for going away again.'

And then Pamela turned on him with her eyes wide open and a look of actual trouble upon her face.

'No,' she said with emphasis. She leaned forward and lowered her voice. 'You have no right to work upon people and make them your friends, if you mean, when you have made them your friends, to go away without a word for ever so long. I have missed you very much.'

'I wanted you to miss me,' he replied.

'Yes, I thought so. But it wasn't fair,' she said gently. 'You see, I have been quite fair with you. If you had gone away at once, if you had left me alone when I said "no" to you two years ago, then I should have no right to complain. I should have no right to call you back. But it's different now, and you

willed that it should be different. You stayed by me. Whenever I turned, there were you at my side. You taught me to count on you, as I count on no one else. Yes, that's true. Well, then, you have lost the right to turn your back now just when it pleases you.'

'It wasn't because it pleased me.'

'No. I admit that,' she agreed. 'It was to make an experiment on me, but the experiment was made at my expense. For after all you enjoyed yourself,' she added with a laugh.

Warrisden joined in the laugh.

'It's quite true,' he said. 'I did.' Then his voice dropped to the same serious tone in which she had spoken. 'Why not say the experiment succeeded? Couldn't you say that?'

Pamela shook her head.

'No. I can give you no more now than I gave you a year ago, two years ago, and that is not enough. Oh, I know,' she continued hurriedly as she saw that he was about to interrupt. 'Lots of women are content to begin with friendship. How they can, puzzles me. But I know they do begin with nothing more than that, and very often it works out very well. The friendship becomes more than friendship. But I can't begin that way. I would if I could. But I can't.'

She leaned back in her chair, and sat for a while with her hands upon her knees in an attitude extraordinarily still. The jingle of harness in the square rose to Warrisden's ears, the clamour of the town came muffled from the noisy streets. He looked upwards to the tender blue of a summer sky, where the stars shone like silver; and he leaned back disheartened. He had returned to London and nothing was changed. There was the same busy life vociferous in its streets, and this girl still sat in the midst of it with the same lassitude and quiescence. She seemed to be waiting, not at all for something new to happen, but for the things, which were happening, to cease, waiting with the indifference of the very old. And she was quite young. She sat with the delicate profile of her face outlined against the darkness; the colour of youth was in her cheeks; the slender column of her throat, the ripple of her dark hair, the grace of her attitude claimed her for youth; she was fragrant with it from head to foot. And yet it seemed that there was no youth in her blood.

'So nothing has changed for you during these months,' he said, deeply disappointed.

She turned her face quietly to him and smiled. 'No,' she answered, 'there has been no new road for me from Quetta to Seistan. I still look on.'

There was the trouble. She just looked on, and to his thinking it was not right that at her age she should do no more. A girl nowadays had so many privileges, so many opportunities denied to her grandmother, she could do so much more, she had so much more freedom, and yet Pamela insisted upon looking on. If she had shown distress, it would have been better. But no. She lived without deep feeling of any kind in a determined isolation. She had built up a fence about herself, and within it she sat untouched and alone.

It was likely that no one else in the wide circle of her acquaintances had noticed her detachment, and certainly to no one but Warrisden had she admitted it. And it was only acknowledged to him after he had found it out for himself. For she did not sit at home. On the contrary, hardly a night passed during the season but she went to some party. Only, wherever she went, she looked on.

'And you still prefer old men to young ones?' he cried in a real exasperation.

'They talk more of things and less of persons,' she explained.

That was not right either. She ought to be interested in persons. Warrisden rose abruptly from his chair. He was completely baffled. Pamela was like the sleeping princess in the fairy tale, she lay girt about with an impassable thicket of thorns. She was in a worse case, indeed, for the princess in the story might have slept on till the end of time, a thing of beauty. But was it possible for Pamela, so to sleep to the end of life, he asked himself. Let her go on in her indifference, and she might dwindle and grow narrow, her soul would be starved and all the good of her be lost. Somehow a way must be forced through the thicket, somehow she must be wakened. But he seemed no nearer to finding that way than he had been two years ago, and she was no nearer to her wakening.

'No, there has been no change,' he said, and as he spoke his eye was caught by a bright light which suddenly flamed up in the window of a dark house upon his right. The house had perplexed him more than once. It took so little part in the life of the square, it so consistently effaced itself from the gaieties of the people who lived about. Its balconies were never banked with

flowers, no visitors mounted its steps ; and even in the daytime it had a look of mystery. It may have been that some dim analogy between that house and the question which so baffled him arrested Warrisden's attention. It may have been merely that he was by nature curious and observant. But he leaned forward upon the balcony-rail.

'Do you see that light?' he asked. 'In the window on the second floor?'

'Yes.'

He took out his watch and noticed the time. It was just a quarter to twelve. He laughed softly to himself and said:

'Wait a moment!'

He watched the house for a few minutes without saying a word. Pamela with a smile at his eagerness watched too. In a little while they saw the door open and a man and a woman both in evening dress appear upon the steps. Warrisden laughed again.

'Wait,' he said, as if he expected Pamela to interrupt. 'You'll see they won't whistle up a cab. They'll walk beyond the house and take one quietly. Very likely they'll look up at the lighted window on the second floor as though they were schoolboys who had escaped from their dormitories and were afraid of being caught by the master before they had had their fun. There, do you see?'

For as he spoke the man and the woman stopped and looked up. Had they heard Warrisden's voice and obeyed his directions they could not have more completely fulfilled his prediction. They had the very air of truants. Apparently they were reassured. They walked along the pavement until they were well past the house. Then they signalled to a passing hansom. The cab-driver did not see them, yet they did not call out, nor did the man whistle. They waited until another approached and they beckoned to that. Warrisden watched the whole scene with the keenest interest. As the two people got into the cab he laughed again and turned back to Pamela.

'Well?' she said with a laugh of amusement, and the quiet monosyllable, falling as it were with a cold splash upon his enjoyment of the little scene, suddenly brought him back to the question which was always latent in his mind. How was Pamela to be awakened?

'It's a strange place, London,' he said. 'No doubt it seems stranger to me, and more full of interesting people and interesting

things just because I have come back from very silent and very empty places. But that house always puzzled me. I used to have rooms overlooking this square, high up, over there,' and he pointed to the eastern side of the square towards Berkeley Street, 'and what we have seen to-night used to take place every night, and at the same hour. The light went up in the room on the second floor, and the truants crept out. Guess where they go to! The Savoy. They go and sit there amongst the lights and the music for half an hour, then they come back to the dark house. They live in the most curious isolation with the most curious regularity. There are three of them altogether: an old man—it is his light, I suppose, which went up on the second floor—and those two. I know who they are. The old man is Sir John Stretton.'

'Oh!' said Pamela with interest.

'And the two people we saw are his son and his son's wife. I have never met them. In fact, no one meets them. I don't know any one who knows them.'

'Yes, you do,' said Pamela, 'I know them.' And in her knowledge, although Warrisden did not know it, lay the answer to the problem which so perplexed him.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRUANTS.

WARRISDEN turned quickly to Pamela.

'You never mentioned them.'

'No,' she replied with a smile. 'But there's no mystery in my silence. I simply haven't mentioned them because for two years I have lost sight of them altogether. I used to meet them about, and I have been to their house.'

'There?' asked Warrisden, with a nod towards the lighted window.

'No; but to the house Millie and Mr. Stretton had in Deanery Street. They gave that up two years ago when old Lady Stretton died. I thought they had gone to live in the country.'

'And all the while they have been living here,' exclaimed Warrisden. He had spoken truthfully of himself. The events, and the people with whom he came, however slightly, into contact always had interested and amused him. It was his pleasure to

fit his observations together until he had constructed a little biography in his mind of each person with whom he was acquainted. And there was never an incident of any interest within his notice, but he sought the reason for it and kept an eye open for its consequence.

'Don't you see how strange the story is?' he went on. 'They give up their house upon Lady Stretton's death, and they come to live here with Sir John. That's natural enough. Sir John's an old man. But they live in such seclusion that even their friends think they have retired into the country.'

'Yes, it is strange,' Pamela admitted. And she added: 'I was Millie Stretton's bridesmaid.'

Upon Warrisdén's request she told him what she knew of the couple who lived in the dark house and played truant. Millie Stretton was the daughter of a Judge in Ceylon who, when Millie had reached the age of seventeen, had married a second time. The step-mother had lacked discretion; from the very first she had claimed to exercise a complete and undisputed authority; she had been at no pains to secure the affections of her step-daughter. And very little trouble would have been needed, for Millie was naturally affectionate. A girl without any great depth of feeling, she responded easily to a show of kindness. She found it neither difficult to make intimate friends, nor hard to lose them. She was of the imitative type besides. She took her thoughts and even her language from those who at the moment were by her side. Thus her step-mother had the easiest of tasks, but she did not possess the necessary tact. She demanded obedience, and in return offered tolerance. The household at Colombo, therefore, became for Millie a roofstead rather than a home, and a year after this marriage she betook herself and the few thousands of pounds which her mother had bequeathed her to London. The ostensible reason for her departure was the invitation of Mrs. Charles Rawson, a friend of her mother's. But Millie had made up her mind that a return to Ceylon was not to be endured. Somehow she would manage to make a home for herself in England.

She found her path at once made easy. She was pretty, with the prettiness of a child, she gave no trouble, she was fresh, she dressed a drawing-room gracefully, she fitted neatly into her surroundings, she picked up immediately the ways of thought and the jargon of her new companions. In a word, with the remarkable receptivity which was hers, she was very quickly at home in

Mrs. Rawson's house. She became a favourite no less for her modest friendliness than on account of her looks. Mrs. Rawson, who was nearing middle age, but whose love of amusements was not assuaged, rejoiced to have so attractive a companion to take about with her. Millie, for her part, was very glad to be so taken about. She had fallen from the obscure clouds into a bright and wonderful world.

It was at this time that Pamela Mardale first met Millicent Stretton, or rather, one should say, Millicent Rundell, since Rundell was at that time her name. They became friends, although so far as character was concerned they had little in common. It may have been that the difference between them was the actual cause of their friendship. Certainly Millie came rather to lean upon her friend, admired her strength, made her the repository of her confidences, and if she received no confidences in return, she was content to believe that there were none to make. It was at this time too that Millie fell in with Lady Stretton.

Lady Stretton, a tall old woman with the head of a Grenadier, had the characteristic of Sir Anthony Absolute. There was no one so good-tempered so long as she had her own way; and she generally had it.

'Lady Stretton saw that Millie was easily led,' Pamela continued. 'She thought, for that reason, she would be a suitable wife for Tony, her son who was then a subaltern in the Coldstreams. So she did all she could to throw them together. She invited Millie up to her house in Scotland, the house Lady Millingham now has, and Mr. Stretton fell in love. He was evidently very fond of Millie, and Millie on her side liked him quite as much as anyone else. They were married. Lady Stretton hired them the house I told you of, close to Park Lane, and took a great deal of trouble to see that they were comfortable. You see, they were toys for her. There, that's all I know. Are you satisfied?'

She leaned back in her chair, smiling at Warrisdén's serious face.

'And what about the old man, Sir John Stretton?' he asked.

'I never met him,' replied Pamela. 'He never went out to parties, and I never went to that house.'

As she concluded the sentence, a man looked on to the balcony and, seeing them, withdrew. Pamela rose at once from her chair, and, with a sudden movement of jealousy, Warrisdén swung round and looked into the room. The man was well past the middle

age, stout of build, and with a heavy careworn face with no pleasure in it at all. He was the man who had been with Pamela when Warrisden had arrived. Warrisden turned back to the girl with a smile of relief.

‘You are engaged?’

‘Yes, for this dance to Mr. Mudge,’ and she indicated the man who was retiring. ‘But we shall meet again—at Newmarket, at all events. Perhaps in Scotland too.’

She held out her hand to Warrisden, and, as he took it, her voice dropped to a plea.

‘Please don’t go away again without telling me first, without talking it over, so that I may know where you are from month to month. Please promise!’

Warrisden promised, and went away from the house with her prayer echoing in his ears. The very sound of her voice was audible to him, and he never doubted the sincerity of its appeal. But if she set such store on what she had, why was she content with just that and nothing more, he asked himself. Why did she not claim a little more and give a little more in return? Why did she come to a halt at friendship, a mere turnpike on the great road, instead of passing through the gate and going on down the appointed way. He did not know that she passed the turnpike once, and that if she refused to venture on that path again, it was because, knowing herself, she dared not.

In the narrows of Berkeley Street Warrisden was shaken out of these reflections. A hansom jingled past him, and by the light of the lamp which hung at the back within it he caught a glimpse of the truants. They were driving home to the dark house in the Square, and they sat side by side silent and with troubled faces. Warrisden’s thoughts went back to what Pamela had told him that night. She had told him the half, but not the perplexing, interesting half of their history. That indeed Pamela could not tell, for she did not know Sir John Stretton, and the old man’s warped and churlish character alone explained it.

It was by his doing that the truants gave up their cheery little house in Deanery Street and came to live in Berkeley Square. The old man was a miser, who during his wife’s existence had not been allowed to gratify his instincts. He made all the more ample amends after she had died. The fine allowance on which the young couple had managed to keep a pair of horses and a little brougham was stripped from them.

‘Why should I live alone?’ said the old man. ‘I am old,

Tony, and I need some attention. The house is big, much too big for me, and the servants are eating their heads off for the want of something to do.' There were indeed more servants than were needed. Servants were the single luxury Sir John allowed himself. Their liveries were faded, they themselves were insolent and untidy, but they were there, in the great bare dining-room at dinner-time, in the hall when Sir John came home of an afternoon. For the old man went out each day as the clock struck three; he came back each evening at half-past six. He went out alone, he returned alone, and he never went to his club. He took an omnibus from the corner of Berkeley Street and journeyed eastwards as far as Ludgate Hill. There he took a drink in the refreshment bar, and, coming out, struck northwards into Holborn, where he turned westwards, and walking as far as the inn at the corner of the Tottenham Court Road, stepped for an hour into the private bar. Thence he took another omnibus, and finally reached home, where his footmen received him solemnly in the hall. To this home he brought Tony and his wife.

'There, choose your own rooms, Tony,' he said magnanimously. 'What's that? Money? But what for? You'll have it soon enough.'

Tony Stretton suggested that it was hardly possible for any man, however careful, to retain a commission in the Coldstreams without an allowance. Sir John, a tall, thin man, with a high bald forehead, and a prim puritanical face, looked at his son with a righteous severity.

'A very expensive regiment. Leave it, Tony! And live quietly at home. Look after your father, my boy, and you won't need money,' and he stalked up stairs, leaving Tony aghast in the hall. Tony had to sit down and think it over before he could quite realise the fate which had overtaken him. Here he was twenty-six years old, brought up to spend what he wanted and to ask for more when that was ended, and he was to live quietly on nothing at all. He had no longer any profession, he was not clever enough to enter upon a new one without some sort of start, and in addition he had a wife. His wife, it was true, had a few thousands; they had remained untouched ever since the marriage, and Tony shrank from touching them now. He sat on one of the hall-chairs, twisting his moustache and staring with his blank blue eyes at the opposite wall. What in the world was he to do? Old Sir John was quite aware of those few thousands. They

might just as well be used now, he thought, and save him expense. Tony could pay them back after his father was dead. Such was Sir John's plan, and Tony had to fall in with it. The horses and the brougham and all the furniture, the prints, the pictures and the mirrors which had decked out so gaily the little house in Deanery Street went to the hammer. Tony paid off his debts and found himself with a hundred pounds in hand at the end; and when that was gone he was forced to come to his wife.

'Of course,' said she, 'we'll share what I have, Tony.'

'Yes, but we must go carefully,' he replied. 'Heaven knows how long we will have to drag on like this.'

So the money question was settled, but that was in reality the least of their troubles. Sir John, for the first time in his life, was master in fact as well as in name. He had been no match for his wife, but he was more than a match for his son. He was the fifth baronet of his name, and yet there was no landed property. He was rich, and all the money was safely tucked away in the public funds, and he could bequeath it as he willed. He was in a position to put the screw on Tony and his wife, and he did not let the opportunity slip. The love of authority grew upon him. He became exacting and portentously severe. In his black, shabby coat, with his long thin figure, and his narrow face, he had the look of a cold self-righteous fanatic. You would have believed that he was mortifying his son for the sake of his son's soul, unless perchance you had peeped into that private bar in the Tottenham Court Road and had seen him drinking gloomily alone.

He laid down rules to which the unfortunate couple must needs conform. They had to dine with him every night and to sit with him every evening until he went to bed. It followed that they lost sight of their friends, and every month isolated them more completely. The mere humiliation of the position in which they stood caused them to shrink more and more into their privacy. When they walked out in the afternoon they kept away from the Park; when they played truant in the evening, at the Savoy, they chose a little table in an obscure corner. This was the real history of the truants with whose fortunes those of Warrisden and Pamela were to be so closely intermingled. For that life in the dark house was not to last. Even as Warrisden passed them in Berkeley Street, Tony Stretton was saying over and over again in his inactive mind:

'It can't go on. It can't go on!'

*CHARLES DICKENS
AND THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.¹*

BY SIR JOHN R. ROBINSON.

EVERYBODY had a right to expect the Guild of Literature and Art to succeed. Royalty smiled upon it; half the great families were active in its behalf; and everybody who likes a good book or admires a good picture clapped hands and congratulated artists and literary men upon the good time that had come. The first list of donors and subscribers contains nearly all the illustrious of our people. But no entries are so interesting as these:

'Acting and publishing copyright of the comedy "Not so Bad as we Seem" presented to the Society by its author, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and which produced £550.'

'Amateurs of the Guild of Literature and Art: the proceeds of their performances of the comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem," by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and the farce of "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," written by Mr. C. Dickens and Mr. Mark Lemon, 3,065*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.*'

Charles Dickens is himself on the list for 52*l.* 10*s.* The officials, too, were a promise of success and kindled hope in the least sanguine of the members. Sir Edward was President; Charles Dickens, Vice-President; Charles Knight, Treasurer; the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Charles Eastlake (president of the Royal Academy), Earl Granville, and Sir A. H. Layard were trustees. The very auditing was cheerfully undertaken by men like Mr. George Clowes and Sir Alexander Duff Gordon; and Professor Augustus De Morgan gave his famous high collar a fresh tug up as he signed himself 'Honorary Consulting Actuary.' I would almost accept the addition to my years that would be required to have seen Mr. Dickens as a member of the Council in those days. I saw so much of him afterwards that I can so easily figure him in the thick of the work; writing a play, acting in it, bringing men together, some with a command, others with

¹ The proof of this paper reached Sir John Robinson on the last day of his strenuous and honoured life, and so inevitably lacks the final corrections of one for whom Charles Dickens had a great friendship and respect.—ED. CORNHILL.

an intimation that they *were* in it: here a joke; there a pathetic touch. His smile even was enough; Gradgrind could not hold out against Charles Dickens. I see his spirit in the early laws and the by-laws of the Society which are in my possession. It is delightful to note how all human needs and weaknesses are provided for. There are to be annuities for professional members and the 'wives of professional members,' the object of which (we are told) shall be 'to associate an honourable rest from arduous labours with the discharge of congenial duties in connection with popular instruction.' Rebuking the distrust of political economists—and I can see Mr. Dickens's frown—an 'Assurance and Provident Augmentation Fund' is to be one of the first things to be seen to. Power there was to 'purchase and hold lands not exceeding 50 acres,' and oh! the regulations as to trusteeships and membership and the accounts and the Secretary's duties (filling an entire page) and the meetings and the noble provision for 'associates of the Guild.'

But of all the attractions that glitter most are the 'Limited number of Free Residences' to be occupied by the annuitants whose qualifications are so carefully defined: 'Writers of either sex, of books not being translations (translations from the ancient and Eastern languages excepted); writers in periodicals; writers of dramatic and other theatrical pieces, exhibitors of either sex of works of original design in painting or sculpture or architecture at any public exhibition in the United Kingdom, designers of approved merit for engravers, and engravers.' Nothing in his career surely redounds more to the honour of Charles Dickens than his devotion to this project of a Literary Guild. Moved to it by his sympathy with literary men and artists, his knowledge of their trials, their sufferings often 'in the crypt,' he threw himself into the great scheme (for it was great in conception), gave it huge portions of his time, sacrificed pleasure and profit and did the work of a dozen men for long years, to make it efficient for fellow-workers less fortunate than himself.

Though I was not at the making of the Guild, I became a 'professional member' on the motion of Mark Lemon, at as early a date as '54, and was the most regular attendant at its meetings until its honourable decease in '97, when, by an Act of Parliament obtained for the purpose, its goods and effects were divided between the Literary Fund and the Artists' Benevolent Fund. When I joined, the Guild was 'all ready,' but, so far as its early ambition is con-

sidered, it was standing still. Professional members did not join, and the Council were getting slack in attendance. Three pretty houses stood waiting at Stevenage, but nobody came. The requirement of subscription and life assurance deterred some, who looked at the rules and turned away. It was not, they said, what they expected. I fancy many thought that by fairy influence they were to enter upon a fine mansion and an annuity forthwith.

At our meetings Charles Dickens, if present, was always in the chair. We held a Council meeting first and followed with a 'General' Meeting. But it will be understood, after what has been said, that the latter meetings were not at all crowded. Almost immediately after I had joined I had one day a trying time in this respect. When I arrived at the office of 'All the Year Round' where we met, I was told that the Council were sitting but would not be many minutes. Then came the intimation that the General Meeting was on. I went upstairs and entered the room, in which I found several gentlemen talking and laughing together. There were Robert Chambers, Charles Knight, Augustus Egg, Dudley Costello, Mark Lemon, and a few more. 'Here's the General Meeting!' said Wills, and everybody laughed. 'Shall we read the Minutes of the last meeting?' he said, addressing me, and there was another laugh. I was nervous enough, but not too nervous to resolve to be even with my friend if I could. 'If you please,' I replied, and I chuckle even now to think of the gravity with which I listened to him, and how Charles Dickens, who was in the chair, showed his amusement. In the minute book, the entry is 'General Meeting, Monday, June 3, '61, only Mr. Robinson attended,' and this is signed 'Charles Dickens.' Charles Dickens, it was often said, was above all things an actor. He was indeed an actor and a consummate one. He was never when in public what in the ordinary sense of the word is termed 'natural.' I saw him again and again at these Guild meetings; I heard him address various public assemblages, and I listened, I think, to each of his Public Readings; and in all he had consciously an ideal in his mind, up to which he may be said to have acted. His characters have been counted, and they run into hundreds and hundreds. He must have created them as he walked and rode and conversed or mused. The situation in which he found himself for the time became an ideal one forthwith and his part a part with the rest. I once saw him hurry forward in

St. James's Square to help a policeman who was struggling with a desperate fellow whom he had arrested for stealing lead. My friend Mr. J. C. Parkinson, well known to and much liked by Dickens, was with me, and we hastened to assist. I really trembled, for the man looked savagely at Mr. Dickens, and in another moment a blow might have fallen. 'I'll go with you to the station,' said Mr. Dickens to the policeman, and he did. Even then, his voice, his air, his walk made me think of some accomplished artist called upon to represent all this upon the stage.

As chairman he was as precise and accurate as possible in carrying out the traditions of the post. Before business began, his happy laugh rang through the room; he had a word for every friend and generally they were his associates as well as friends. Voices were high in merriment, and it looked as though business would never begin; but when Mr. Dickens did take his seat, 'Now, gentlemen; Wills will read us the Minutes of the last meeting. Attention, please. Order!'—it might have been the most experienced chairman of Guildhall, purpled by a hundred public dinners. At the time of my election to the Council, a sanguine spirit was abroad, and the chairman specially partook of it, but when disappointment followed disappointment everybody was more serious. There was little laughter, and Mr. Dickens showed that the matter was worrying him. Among the early troubles was the occupancy of the houses. The right people would not turn up, or they backed out if they did say they would come. The houses were nice enough. There was no trouble about *them*. There were pretty gardens, the houses were in an excellent position, and then they supplied Lord Lytton with such a happy topic as he rolled by with his friends, on a drive in the neighbourhood of Knebworth. As to the candidates, we were ready to squeeze a point in the literal interpretation of the rules, but it was no good. I see that in one case we were obliged to write to a candidate to ask 'whether he is disposed to offer to the Guild any explanation of a certain alleged destruction on his part of letters or papers belonging to the late Duke of ——.' The explanation was voted unsatisfactory, and no tenant came from that quarter. Another very poignant disappointment tried the literary temperament dreadfully. On that occasion Dickens had no sooner sat down than he exclaimed (professional chairman's voice): 'Well, gentlemen; good news to-day. A capital tenant at last. A great man; good

scholar; a modern Lindley Murray and all that.' 'Hooray,' we shouted. 'We only want a beginner, you know,' continued the chairman. 'We shall now be bothered by the numbers.' When we heard the name we felt we wanted to shake hands about it, and we thought remorsefully of our past want of faith. We were not supposed to be allowed by the rules to find any kind of furniture with a house, but to-day Dickens, who all his life long was always looking to do a kind thing for somebody, said in his most winning way (and those who never witnessed it can scarcely understand what an adorable sort of way it was): 'And now, what do you say about finding carpets? Can't we let him have carpets? House very chilly when he comes to it without carpets. What do you say, Lemon? Carpets, my boy.' He addressed Mark Lemon as by instinct, suggesting as he did everything that was comfortable. We tried to look grave. The joke was to pretend we were concerned about the letter of the law. Then came the laughter, and the carpets carried the day. Alas! at the next meeting our chairman, in an amusingly melancholy voice, told us the carpets had not been ordered. They would not be wanted. — had altered his mind. He seemed (and this was said in a reproachful tone) to have a large family, and he had come to the conclusion that, as at Bedford there were accessible schools, it would be cheaper to go and live there. To get cheap education for them would be better than living rent-free at Stevenage. Harper's charity did not have justice done to it that day.

Again we were all vexed with —, who after promising us and putting us in such good spirits, wrote to say that he found the trains for Stevenage didn't suit. He was a dramatic critic, and the last train left before the new pieces were usually over. The distance from London was always a trouble. I think literary men and artists worked a greater number of hours in those days than they do now, and it was a superstition with them that it was impossible to leave their beloved metropolis.

On reaching Wellington Street, one day, to attend a Council meeting, I found Mr. Dickens alone. Though he was always most kind to me and liked to talk of the 'Daily News,' for instance, I felt rather alarmed, for I knew he would insist upon business being done. The Minute Book records three resolutions as having been passed at that meeting. We waited a while, talking about things in the papers, and then Mr. Dickens in an inimitably

funny way, remarked: 'Will you move me in the chair?' 'I will,' I answered, 'I know you can be trusted to keep order in a large gathering.' Then came resolutions, carried after discussion, little speeches in the imitated voice of absent members, the appropriate gravity never departed from. My share was insignificant, but it served to supply Mr. Dickens with hints and texts and to keep the fun going. I have often wished a reporter had been in hiding.

Mr. Dickens signed the Minutes in the most methodical way. I fancied in after days he shook hands with me with a merrier expression.

The houses, before we obtained Lord Lytton's permission to let them, were put from time to time in repair and gave us a strange instance of the manner in which unoccupied houses go to the bad. When I was staying once for a few days at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, with Mr. W. H. Wills, the Honorary Secretary of the Guild, it occurred to us to drive to Stevenage and inspect the property. When we got to the spot the keys could not be found; the builder who had them in charge was away. I did my best, and, climbing to a window-sill, jumped in: the spectacle was so ludicrous that I could not summon Wills for a second or two to join me. On every floor, dotted about at regular intervals were little white cones identical in size and shape, of plaster from the ceilings. They recalled the little pyramids of damp gunpowder which please boys in November. The ceilings in various places had given in. While authors and artists were year by year being drawn away by a resistless hand from all guilds and honours these ceilings were moving too in the silence to their decay.

I have not mentioned a member of the Guild who did more perhaps than any to bring it to the service for which it was instituted, the service of mankind. The troublesome and tedious job of obtaining the necessary parliamentary authority for handing all over to the two excellent societies already named would never have been accomplished without the aid of Mr. Frederick Clifford, K.C. This gentleman, who joined the Guild on the same day as myself, gave time and labour to the Guild in all its stages, and especially in the last, when they were of such notable value.

COLONIAL MEMORIES.

OLD NEW ZEALAND. II.

BY LADY BROOME.

I CANNOT close these wandering reminiscences of distant days without a brief mention of the famous snowstorm of 1867, at which I assisted.

I must say a prefatory word or two about the climate—as far as my three years' experience went—in order to explain the full force of the disaster that fall of snow wrought. The winters were short and delicious, except for an occasional week of wet weather, which, however, was always regarded by the sheep-farmer as excellent for filling up the creeks, making the grass grow, and being everything that was natural and desirable. When it did not rain, the winter weather was simply enchanting, although one had to be prepared for its sudden caprices, for weather is weather even at the antipodes, and consequently unreliable. Sometimes we started on an ideally exquisite morning for a long ride on some station business. The air would be still and delicious, fresh and exhilarating to a degree hardly to be understood; the sun brilliant and just sufficiently warming. All would go well for four or five hours, until, perhaps, we had crossed a low saddle in the mountains and were coming home by the gorge of a river. In ten minutes everything might have changed. A sou'-wester would have sprung up as though let out of a bag, heavy drops of rain would be succeeded by a snow-flurry, in which it was not always easy to find one's way home across swamps and over creeks, and the riders who set forth so gaily at ten of the clock that same morning would return in the fast-gathering darkness wet to the skin, or rather frozen to the bone. I have often found it difficult to get out of my habit, so stiff with frozen snow was its bodice.

No one ever dreamed of catching cold, however, from the meteorological changes and chances, an immunity which no doubt we owed to the fact that we led, whether we liked it or not, an open-air life. The little weather-boarded house, with its canvas-papered lining, did not offer much protection from a hard frost, and I have often found a heap of feathery snow on a chair

near my closed bedroom window, which had drifted in through the ill-fitting frame.

Still these snow-showers, and even hard frosts (which usually melted by midday), did no harm to man or beast, and found us totally unprepared for the fall in August 1867. Of course there were no meteorological records kept in those days, for they had not long been started even in England, and we had nothing to go by except the Maori traditions, which held no record of anything the least like that snowstorm. Indeed I had seldom seen snow lie on the ground for more than an hour after the sun rose, and it never was thought of as a danger in our comparatively low hills.

I well remember that Monday morning and the strange restlessness which seemed to extend to the sheep, for they must have felt the coming trouble long before we thought of calamity. The weather during the last week of July had been quite beautiful, our regular winter weather, and we had taken advantage of it to send the dray down to Christchurch for supplies. My store-room was all but empty, and the tea-chest, flour and sugar bags, held hardly half a week's consumption, so the drayman was charged not to linger, but to turn round and come back directly he got his load. When speaking of supplies it must be borne in mind that tinned provisions were almost unknown in those days, and certainly never found their way to a New Zealand sheep station. F. had also taken advantage of the beautiful open weather to ride down to Christchurch about wool matters, so I expected to be quite alone with a youth who was learning sheep-farming under F.'s auspices, and my two servants.

But F. had hardly started before a cousin rode up the track and, hearing I was feeling somewhat depressed and lonely, very kindly volunteered to stay, and before the afternoon was over a neighbouring young squatter also appeared, and asked (as was quite a common thing in that hotel-less district) for shelter for the night. Nothing could have been more unexpected—except that one's station guests always were unexpected—than these two visitors, but it proved a fortunate chance for me that they appeared just then.

The weather was certainly curious, and we all noticed that the sound of the sheep's bleat never ceased. Now the odd thing at a sheep station used to be that you hardly ever saw a sheep, and still more seldom heard one, except perhaps in the early morning, when they were coming down from their high camping-grounds.

And sheep always 'travel' head to wind, but the sheep that afternoon kept moving in exactly the contrary direction. Still I was not in the least uneasy about the weather, except as it might affect the comfort of F.'s seventy-five mile ride to town, and I knew he would be under comfortable shelter at a friend's half-way house that night. So we gaily and lavishly partook of our supper-dinner, had an absurd game of whist, and went to bed as usual.

It was no surprise to see snow falling steadily next morning, but it was disagreeable to find there was very little mutton in the house, and that it was quite likely the shepherd would wait for the weather to clear before starting across the hills and swamps between us and the little homestead where the woolshed stood, and from whence the business of the station was carried on.

The three gentlemen lounged about all day and smoked a good deal. They told me afterwards how bitterly they regretted not having made some preparation in the way of at least bringing in fuel, or putting extra food for the fowls &c. But each said to the other every five minutes, 'Oh, you know snow in New Zealand *never* lasts,' though their experience was only a very few years old. It was short commons that second day, and I thought sadly that the dray would have only reached Christchurch that evening! We were all depressed, and, as no one had any use for depression up that valley, the sensation was quite new to us.

It was not until we met on the third morning, however, that we at all acknowledged our fears. By this time the snow was at least four feet deep in the shallowest places, and still continued to fall steadily. It was impossible to see even where the fowlhouse and pigsties stood, on the weather side of the house. All the great logs of wood lying about waiting to be cut up were hidden, so was the little shed full of coal. A smooth high slope, like a hillock, stretched from the outer kitchen door, which could not be opened that morning, out into the floating whiteness. All our windows were nearly blocked up and became quite so by the evening, and no door except one, which opened inwards, could be used. And we had literally no food in the house. The tea at breakfast was merely coloured hot water, and we each had a couple of picnic biscuits. For dinner there was a little rice and salt. Imagine six people to be fed every day, and an empty larder and store-room!

The day after that my maids declined to get up, declaring they

preferred to 'die warm'; so I took them in a sardine each, a few ratafia biscuits, and a spoonful of apricot jam. Those were our own rations for that day. We had by that time broken up every box for fuel, and only lighted a fire in the kitchen, where also a solitary candle burned.

'Be very careful of the dips,' said one of my guests, 'for I've read of people eating them.'

'I hear the cat mewing under the house,' said another; 'we'll try to get hold of her.'

'I wonder if those are the cows?' asked a third, pointing to three formless heaps high above the stockyard rails, but within them.

By Friday morning the maids, still in bed, were asking tearfully 'And oh! when do you think we'll be found, mum?' Whereas my anxiety was to find something to feed them with! We shook out a heap of discarded flour-bags and got, to our joy, quite a plateful of flour, and a careful smoothing out of the lead lining of old tea-chests yielded a few leaves, so we had girdle cakes and tea that day. I was very unhappy about the dogs: the horses were out on the run as usual, so it was no use thinking of them.

On Saturday there was literally nothing at all in the house (which was quite dark, remember), and my three starving men roped themselves together and struggled out, tunnelling through the snow, in the direction where they thought the fowlhouse must lie. After a couple of hours' hard work they hit upon its roof, tore off some of the wooden shingles, and captured a few bundles of feathers, which were what my poor dear hens were reduced to. However, there was a joyful struggle back, and after some hasty preparation the fowls were put into a saucepan with a lump of snow (there was no water to be got anywhere), and a sort of stew resulted, of which we thankfully partook. This heartened up the gentlemen to make another sally to the stackyard in search of the cows. The clever creatures had kept moving round and round as the snow fell, so as to make a sort of wider tomb for themselves, and they were alive, though mere bundles of skin and bone. They were dragged by ropes to the stable and there fed with oaten hay. It was no question of milking the poor things, for they were quite dry.

Next day the dogs were dug out, but only one young and strong one survived. Two more were alive, but died soon after.

On Sunday it had ceased snowing and the wind showed signs

of changing. I struggled a yard or two out of the house, as it was such a blessing to get into daylight again. My view was of course much circumscribed, as I could only see up and down the 'flat,' as the valley was called. But it all looked quite different; not a fence or familiar landmark to be seen on any side. If I could have been wafted to the top of the mountain from which we saw the sun rise the summer before, what a white world should I have beheld! And if I could have soared still higher and looked over the whole of the vast Canterbury Plains, I should have been gazing at the smooth winding-sheet of half a million of sheep, for that was found, later, to be the loss in that Province alone.

Yet, as we afterwards came to know, it was not really the fall of snow, tremendous as it had been, which cost the Province nearly all its stock. As I have said, the wind changed to the north-west—the warm quarter—on Sunday night, and it rained heavily as well as blowing half a gale. On Monday morning the snow was off the roof and it was possible to clear some of the windows. An early excursion was also made to the sties and a pig was killed, and a bag of Indian meal for fattening poultry had been found in the stable loft, which could be made into a sort of cake. So we were no longer starving, and the maids got up!

Twenty-four hours of this warm rain and wind was what did all the mischief to the poor sheep. By Monday night every creek within sight had overflowed its banks, and was running—a dirty yellow stream—over the fast-melting snowfields. The rapid thaw and the flooded creeks made locomotion more difficult than ever, but the three gentlemen set to work at once to try to release the imprisoned sheep. There was but one dog to work with, and he was so weak he could hardly move, but the poor sheep were still weaker. Contrary to their custom they had mostly sought refuge beneath the projecting banks of the creeks and would have been safe enough there, had not the sudden thaw let the water in on them before they could struggle up, and they were nearly all drowned. It was most pathetic to discover how in some places the mothers had tried to save the lambs by standing over them in a leaning attitude so as to make a shelter. The lambing season had just begun, and on our own run, which was but a small one, we lost three thousand lambs. Several were brought in to me to try to save, but I had no milk to give them, and warm meal and water did not prove enough to keep the poor little starving creatures alive. It was heartbreaking work, and

when F. returned it was to find all the fences tapestried with the skins of a thousand sheep!

As soon as we could move about on horseback we rode all over the run and found that the sheep had evidently fared better when they had kept on higher ground, and it was curious to see the tops of the little Ti-ti palms, some ten or twelve feet high, entirely nibbled off where the sheep had clustered round them, and, as the snow fell, mounted higher and higher until they could reach the green leaves. In those days all the flocks were pure or half-bred merino; active, hardy little black-faced sheep, tasting like Welsh mutton, and delicious eating. On these excursions we often came upon dead wild pigs, boars cased in hides an inch thick, which had perished through sheer stress of weather. It was wonderful to think that thin-skinned animals, with only a few months' growth of fine merino wool on their backs, could have survived.

During the long bright summer which followed, we used often to ask each other if it could be true that hills had apparently been levelled and valleys filled up by the heaviest snowstorm ever known. But when we looked at the Ti-ti palms with their top-most leaves gnawed to the stump, we realised that the sheep must have been standing on eight or nine feet of snow to reach them. When the survivors came to be shorn, it was curious to see the sort of 'nick' in the fleece, where their three weeks' imprisonment had evidently checked the growth of the wool, for many of the hardiest wethers must have been without food for that time, as the pasturage was either full of snow or flooded.

In looking back on that tragic time, the only bright memory is connected with tobogganing on a rough but giant scale, and I only wonder any of us survived that form of amusement. By the time every possible thing had been done for the surviving sheep, the snow had disappeared from all but the steep weather-side of the encircling hills, so our slides had to be arranged on very dangerous slopes.

The sledges on which these perilous journeys were made consisted of a couple of short planks nailed together, with a batten across for one's feet to rest on, and half a shears for a brake. If the gentlemen would only have made these rapid descents alone! But they insisted on my being a constant passenger. No one who has not gone through it can imagine the sensation of being launched on a bit of board down a mountain side! And yet there must have been a fearful joy in it, because after turning

round and round many times as one flew over the hard snow surface, and arriving in a heap, head foremost, in a snowdrift, one was quite ready to try again. Luckily another north-west gale set in, and when it had blown itself out there were too many sharp-pointed rocks sticking up out of the remaining snow to make our mad descents practicable.

I wonder if 'swaggers' have been improved off the face of the country districts of New Zealand? Tramps one would perhaps have called them in England, and yet they were hardly tramps so much as men of a roving disposition, who wandered about asking for work, and they really could and did work if wanted. They nearly always appeared, with their 'swag' (a roll of red blankets) on their backs, about sunset, and it was etiquette for them to offer to chop wood before shelter was suggested. A good meal of tea, mutton, and bread followed as a matter of course, and a shakedown in some shed. In the early morning, if there was no employment forthcoming, the 'swagger' would fetch water, chop more wood, or do anything he was asked, before he got some more food and left. They always seemed very quiet, decent men, and perfectly honest. Indeed, a missing pair of boots (afterwards found to have only been mislaid) raised a great commotion in the whole country-side until they were found, and I suspect the owner had to apologise abjectly to all the 'swaggers'!

The invariable custom of the swagger only appearing at sunset made it all the more wonderful when I found one crouched in a corner of the verandah at dawn one bitter winter's morning. Now I was not at all in the habit of getting up at daylight in winter, but it was a glorious morning after nearly a week of wretched wet and cold weather. Some demon of restlessness must have induced me to jump up, huddle on a warm dressing-gown, and start on a window-opening expedition, which led me shortly to the little hall door. This I also opened to let in the fast-coming sunshine, and I nearly tumbled over the most forlorn object it is possible to imagine. At first I thought that a heap of wet and dirty clothes lay at my feet, but a shaggy head uprose and a feeble voice muttered 'I'm fair clemmed.' Such wistful eyes, like a lost, starving dog, glanced at me, and then the head dropped back. I thought the man was dead or dying, and I flew to wake up F. and to fetch my medicine bottle of brandy. But I could not get any down his throat until F. arrived on the scene and turned the poor

creature over on his back. By this time I had roused up the 'cadet,' and also got my maids hurriedly out of bed. My tale was so pitiful that the warm-hearted Irish cook—in the scantiest toilet—was lighting the kitchen fire by the time F. and Mr. U. brought the poor man in. Water was literally streaming from him, and the first thing to be done was to get him out of his sodden clothes. Contributions from the two gentlemen were soon forthcoming, and after a brief retirement into my store-room, the wretched swagger emerged, dry indeed, but the image of exhaustion and starvation. Warm bread and milk every two hours was all we dared give him that day, and he slept and slept as if he never meant to wake again.

I forget how many days passed before he had at all recovered, and by that time my maids had cleaned and mended his clothes in a surprising manner, and he had, himself, cobbled up his boots. A hat had to be provided and a pipe, but we could not spare any blankets for the 'swag.' However, though he hardly spoke to anyone, he told Mr. U. he felt quite able to start next day, and F. elicited from him with some difficulty—for it was against 'swagger' etiquette ever to complain of the treatment of one station-holder to another—that at the very beginning of that bad weather he had found himself at sundown at a station about a dozen miles further back in the hills, and had been refused shelter. The man pointed out that he did not know the track over a difficult saddle, that very bad weather was evidently coming on, and that he had no food, but he was ruthlessly turned off and seemed soon to have lost his way. He wandered some days—he did not know how many—without food or shelter, pelted by the merciless and continuous storm; his pipe and blankets soon got lost in one of the numerous bog-holes, and he really did not know how he found his way to our verandah or how long before dawn he had been lying there. I must say it was the only instance I heard of brutality to a swagger whilst I was in New Zealand.

Well, by the next morning I had ceased to think about the swagger, and when I looked out of my window to enjoy the delicious crisp air and the sunshine, I saw my friend coming round the corner of the house, evidently prepared to start. He looked round, but I had slipped behind the window curtain, so he saw no one. To my deep surprise, the man dropped on his knees upon the little gravel path, took off his hat, and poured forth the most impassioned prayer for all the dwellers beneath the roof

which had given him shelter. Not a soul was stirring, so he could not have been doing it for effect, and he certainly had not seen me. I felt as if I had no right to listen, for it was as though he were laying bare his soul. First there was his deep thankfulness for his own preservation most touchingly expressed, and then he prayed for every blessing on each and all of us, and finally, as he rose from his knees, he signed the Cross over the little roof-tree which had sheltered him in his hour of need. And we had all thought him a silent and somewhat ungracious man !

I really *cannot* believe that I often rode fifty miles to a ball, or rather two balls, danced all night for two successive nights, and rode back again the next day ! The railway was even then creeping up the plains and saved us the last twenty-five miles of the road. These same balls were almost the only form of society in those days, for dinner parties were impossible for want of anything but the most elementary service. Certainly there were bazaars sometimes, but I do not remember riding fifty miles for any of them ! Such amusing things used to happen at these balls, which no doubt were very primitive, but we all enjoyed them too much to be critical.

On one occasion the Governor had come to Christchurch for some political reason, and of course there were balls to welcome him. He had brought down some Maori chieftains with him ; rumour said he was afraid to leave them behind in the North Island, where the seat of Government was and is. Now I was very curious to see these chieftains, and it was somewhat of a shock to behold tall, well-built, dark-hued men faultlessly clad in correct evening dress, but with tattooed faces. Presently one of the stewards of the ball came to me and said :

‘Te Henare wants very much to dance these Lancers ; I should be so grateful if you would dance with him.’

‘Certainly,’ I answered, ‘but can he dance ?’

‘Oh, he will soon pick it up, and you’d have an interpreter.’

Te Henare, who had been watching the result of the mission, now approached, made me a beautiful bow, offered his arm most correctly, and we took our places at the side, closely followed by the interpreter. I discovered through this gentleman that my dusky partner had never seen a ball or social gathering of any sort before, and that he had learned his bow and how to claim his partner since he entered the room. Of course we danced in silence, and indeed I was fully occupied in admiring the extra-

ordinary rapidity with which Te Henare mastered the intricacies of the dance. He never made a single mistake in any part which he had seen the top couples do first, and when I had to guide him he understood directly. It was a wonderful set of Lancers, and when it was over I told the interpreter that I was quite astonished to see how well Te Henare danced. This little compliment was duly repeated, and I could not imagine why the interpreter laughed at the answer. Te Henare seemed very anxious that it should be passed on to me and was most serious about it, so I insisted on being told. It seems the poor chieftain had said with a deep sigh, 'Ah, if I might only dance without my clothes! No one could really dance in these horrid things!'

Te Henare apologised through the interpreter for his tattooed face. His cheeks were decorated with spiral dark-blue curves, and his forehead bore an excellent copy of a sea-shell. The poor man was deeply ashamed of his tattoo, and said he would give anything to get rid of the disfiguring marks, and so would the other chieftains, adding pathetically, 'Until we came here we were proud of them.'

I must confess I got rather tired of poor Te Henare, and indeed of all the chieftains, for they insisted on coming to call on me next day for the purpose of letting me hear some Maori music. I cannot truthfully say I enjoyed it. Every song seemed to have at least fifty verses as well as a refrain. Fortunately they did not sing loudly, but there was no tune beyond a bar or two, and the monotony was maddening. The interpreter and I tried in vain to stop them, and at last I went away, leaving them still singing, quite happily, what I was informed was 'a love-song.' It seemed more in the nature of a lullaby.

I fear it is an unusual confession for a staid elderly woman to make, but I certainly enjoyed those unconventional—what might almost be called rough—days more than the long years of official routine and luxury which followed them. But then one looks back on those days through the softening haze of time and distance, of youth and health; and remember that after all 'the greatest of these is Love.'

NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

BY SIR ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B.

I CAN conceive no angle of the earth more full of historical recollections than 10 Downing Street. 'Here,' says John Morley, 'was woven the artful fabric of policy and of party in which all the crafty calculations, the fierce passions, the glowing hopes, and confident ambitions of so many busy, powerful minds, have been exercised.' All the great men of the days of the Georges must in their time have passed before the door of No. 10. There must have stood Sir Robert Walpole's chariot and Chatham's sedan chair; while Horace Walpole himself saw those men who, as Macaulay says, were Whigs when it must have been as dangerous to be a Whig as a highwayman; men who had been concealed in garrets and cellars after the battle of Sedgemoor, and who had put their name to the declaration that they would live and die with the Prince and Princess of Orange. Walpole's own Secretary to the Treasury, John Scrope, had fought for Monmouth at Sedgemoor and in the disguise of a woman carried despatches between the Prince of Orange and the disaffected English peers. In 1724 he was appointed Secretary to the Treasury (at the age of sixty-two), and held the post till he died in harness at the age of ninety. His fidelity to Walpole brought him many enemies, and the Committee of Secrecy in 1742 threatened him with the Tower for refusing to give evidence as to his chief's disposal of Secret Service money. He replied that he did not care whether he spent the few months he had to live in the Tower or not, but that the last thing he would do was to betray the King, and next to the King the Earl of Orford.

I recollect in a witty speech at the Mansion House the American Minister described Downing Street as the greatest street in the world, because it lay at the hub of the gigantic wheel which encircles the globe, under the name of the British Empire; he laid claim to it as an American street, because it originally belonged to one Downing, a pupil educated in *Scholâ Publicâ Primâ* in the State of Massachusetts, as indeed it did. It is perhaps only a legend that Queen Anne presided over a meeting

of the Cabinet in the house No. 10. But the real interest of the house began when it fell into the possession of the Crown, and George I. bestowed it on the Hanoverian Minister, Baron Bothmar, who died there in 1731. At his death, George II. offered it to the great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, who, as we all know, with a public spirit perhaps rarer in those days than it is now, refused it as a private gift, but accepted it to serve as an official residence in perpetuity for succeeding First Lords of the Treasury. Here Sir Robert took up his residence in 1735, and three years later Lady Walpole died there, being buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a beautiful statue erected to her memory close to Henry VII.'s Chapel, where her husband's banner, as a Knight of the Bath, hangs; the passer-by may read there a long list of her virtues inscribed by Horace Walpole, who, a little later, laments the delightful rooms in 10 Downing Street, which he was so soon to quit. Sir Robert Walpole for twenty years was Prime Minister, and when in 1742 he ceased to hold office, he removed, much to his son's regret, to Arlington Street, where he died in 1745.

He was succeeded by Lord Wilmington, who was celebrated in verse as :

That old, dull, unimportant Lord
Who at the longed-for Money Board
Sits first, but does not lead.
His younger brethren all things make,
So that the Treasury's like a snake,
And the tail moves the head;

but he never resided there, having lent the house, as Horace Walpole says, to Mrs. Sandys. Then came what was called the 'Broadbottom and short administration' of Lords Granville and Bath—1746—which lasted, as the wits of the day said, for forty-eight hours seven minutes and eleven seconds.

Sir Robert Walpole was considered by historians to be the originator of Cabinet Councils, as we understand them now; for, before he was First Lord, Queen Anne presided over meetings of a Committee of the Privy Council, which were always held on a Sunday, and also attended debates in the House of Lords. She was the last of our sovereigns who in person attended such councils; for it would have been impossible for the early Georges to preside over deliberations which were conducted in what to them was an unknown tongue.

These meetings were held in the Cock-pit, a part of Whitehall Palace, where the Treaty of Utrecht was disclosed to the Lords of the Council, and where communications from the Sovereign were made. Here the Treasury was first lodged by William III. in 1697, and for a century later letters were not infrequently dated from the Cock-pit. Of that building little trace remains, but in a dull and gloomy passage leading from Whitehall to the Treasury Chambers there are still two Tudor windows, the only remains of the old Whitehall Palace. The Cock-pit was partly in the present garden of 10 Downing Street and partly on the site of the present Treasury Chambers. Underneath, in what is now a coal-cellar, the cocks are said to have been kept. There, to this day, is to be seen a leaden cistern bearing the cypher of Charles II.

I cannot trace accurately where Cabinets were held after the Cock-pit. No place could have been more interesting than this; for there Oliver Cromwell had lived before the death of King Charles, and after the Restoration it became the residence of General Monk, who was at the same time Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Land Forces in the three kingdoms, First Commissioner of the Treasury, and Commander of the Fleet of England, probably the only subject who was addressed as Father by his sovereign. Afterwards it became the residence of Princess Anne.

Sir Edward Hertslet, a great authority, says that Cabinets were held in Cleveland Row, afterwards in a private house leased in Downing Street till 1861, and then in Whitehall Gardens, pending the erection of the new Foreign Office; but this does not tally with my own recollection of Cabinets in the old Foreign Office, where they certainly met till the close of the Crimean War.

A friend who was then private secretary to Lord Panmure at the War Office told me how, when the news of the fall of Sevastopol arrived, he ran across to the Foreign Office, where he was told by the messenger that he could not go up the old staircase, as it was forbidden: 'I pushed by,' he says, 'went up and knocked at the door myself, which was answered by Lord Clarendon. Palmerston, on hearing the news, gave a view-holloa you might have heard across the park.'

Lord Hammond was a great stickler for Cabinets being held in the Foreign Office, but in Lord Clarendon's absence at Vienna, after the close of the war, they were summoned to Downing

Street, where they continued to be held, I believe, during the building of the new Foreign Office.

The first minister after Walpole who lived in No. 10 was Lord North, who never would allow himself to be called Prime Minister. When he assumed office he had little prospects of an enduring administration, for he had to face the opposition of Chatham, Rockingham, and Grenville—but he moved into the official residence, which he inhabited from 1770 to 1783. During the Gordon riots his house was attacked, and yet he was said to have become so attached to the room he inhabited that after he had ceased to be First Lord he wandered into it and sat down in his old accustomed seat, much to the astonishment of the Treasury officials.

It was to this house that Lord Chatham, after his dramatic fainting fit in the House of Lords, was carried on his way to Hayes Place where he died. His son used the house as his residence, and counted all days lost that were not spent there. He and Lady Hester Stanhope, his eccentric niece, kept house together, and built what is now called the banqueting room and the fine kitchen under it: 'I let her do as she pleases,' said Pitt, 'for if she were resolved to cheat the devil, she could do it.' She became the dispenser of much patronage in 1804, and was practically the sole Secretary of State for the Department of Treasury banquets.

Lord Grey was the next First Lord who inhabited the house, and he lived there through all the stormy times of the Reform Bill. We all know the engraving of poor Haydon's picture of the aged statesman, sitting over the drawing-room fire with the underwritten words: 'Shall I resign?' But history cannot be written from pictures, which are very often the product of the artist's fertile imagination. I have seen a coloured engraving representing a Cabinet Council, at which the Lord Chancellor in his robes and wig was sitting beside William IV. discussing the Reform Bill.

Lord Goderich, during his short administration, moved into No. 10, and here was born his son, the present Lord Ripon. His mother was nervous previous to her confinement, and had all the doors taken off their hinges, lest any of them should slam during her illness.

Sir Robert Peel never moved from his house in Whitehall to take up his residence in Downing Street, though he transacted his official business there; it is not so very long ago—indeed

I am told as lately as 1893-4—that a charge used to appear in the annual estimates presented to Parliament, for a small annuity for the sweeper who kept the crossing clean, so that the Prime Minister should not dirty his boots on his passage from Whitehall to the Treasury.

In Peel's day Cabinets were more frequent than they are now; Peers, as Mr. Gladstone once told me, were not summoned to Cabinets on Saturdays, at which arrangements only for the business in the House of Commons in the coming week were discussed. Had this rule been in force in Sir Robert Walpole's days, he only and his First Lord of the Admiralty would have been summoned; while Pitt would only have summoned himself.

Cabinet dinners, which were in full force up to Lord Aberdeen's time, were discontinued by Lord Palmerston. I can well imagine how they offended his social instincts, for what can be duller or more tedious than, after the day's work is over, to fight all the old battles again with the same colleagues at dinner! Indeed, nine times out of ten men-dinners are lugubrious ceremonies. If the company is clever, jealousies spring up, and men who are brilliant conversationalists where women are, miss the charm and sparkle of their presence and the desire to please which is wanting among men alone. Disraeli wisely said, 'There are many dismal things in middle life, and a dinner of only men is among them.'

The discontinuance of these dinners, too, prevented the possibility of another Cato Street conspiracy, at the time when the whole Cabinet was to have been blown up at Lord Harrowby's in Grosvenor Square.

Lord Palmerston, riding down to Cabinets on his old grey horse to the little door in the Treasury Garden—where the Duke of Wellington once took refuge from a hostile mob—rarely remained there, even for official purposes, preferring to transact all his business at his own house by means of papers sent to and fro in locked boxes.

In 1868 Mr. Disraeli held a meeting of his party there, and subsequently, as Lord Beaconsfield, lived there; but the humble surroundings which had been sufficient for Walpole, Pitt, and Grey were not considered worthy of the author of 'Lothair,' and in 1874 the cultured taste of Mr. Mitford, then Secretary of the Board of Works, was called in to redecorate the house throughout.

It was one day in 1872 that I was summoned to Downing Street, and on my arrival I was surprised to find Mr. Gladstone in

the garden with Sir Henry Storks and Sir Frederick Abel, who had promised to demonstrate the art of felling trees noiselessly by gun-cotton. A mast had been planted in the ground with a neck-lace of gun-cotton around it which at the proper time was to be exploded. Mr. Ayrton, then First Commissioner of Works, who was not a scientific believer, was protesting against the experiment, but on Sir Frederick's assurance that nobody would be 'one penny the worse,' the gun-cotton was exploded with a terrific report, which was heard in Hyde Park. I found myself under a shower of glass, which had fallen from the skylight of the First Lord's house, and all the adjoining windows were smashed.

There was one person who rejoiced, that was the triumphant Ayrton. Theories were exploded as well as gun-cotton.

On Saturday, June 15, 1872—a hot day, for we had hot days then—the Cabinet was summoned at eleven o'clock, to await the decision of the Alabama Court from Geneva. After they had been waiting for some hours, Lord Granville came to my room and said: 'If we all sit together much longer, doing nothing, we shall, in the nature of things, quarrel. Can you get me a chess board?' This I did, and the Cabinet all went out on the 'tarrass' and watched a chess tournament between Lord Granville and Mr. Forster—the only time, probably, when an accurate picture of a Cabinet was drawn from life: for the sharp eye of Mr. Fairfield had seen and seized his opportunity of making an accurate drawing from his room in the Colonial Office.

Living in Carlton House Terrace, Mr. Gladstone did not consider that he would gain much in time or convenience by migrating to Downing Street, so he thought it better that I should live there, and 10 Downing Street became our home—a home possessing peculiar attractions to my wife and me, not only as having been originally given to my great-great-grandfather, Sir Robert Walpole, but because she was born there; Captain George Barrington, her father, who was a Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Grey's government, having married the daughter of Lord Grey. Curiously enough her brother, Charles Barrington, became Lord Palmerston's Secretary and was the next person who lived there, and then, in 1869, we occupied the house during Mr. Gladstone's great administration.

From 10 Downing Street, in 1879, Disraeli once wrote to Cardinal Manning: 'I have held eight Cabinets in a week, a feat unprecedented in the annals of Downing Street. Sir Robert Peel once held four, but they were not so tranquil as ours.'

Cabinets have no local habitation. I see them in old days meeting everywhere. In Bertram Currie's house in Combe Wood is a brass tablet recording how a Cabinet was held there during a visit of Mr. Gladstone's. Another Cabinet which I recollect was adjourned from the room in Downing Street to the Garden terrace.

To all of us the Cabinet room was a sort of political temple; but to a famous old office-keeper, Appleton, who had lived to see so many administrations, it was a veritable holy of holies.

'Come in here, sir, if you please,' he one day said to a high official in the Treasury, now Lord Welby, 'the table had to be enlarged and see what the Board of Works has done; they have put a leaf made of deal in the middle of the mahogany table—is that respectful?' My economist friend suggested that the green cloth would cover it. All he could say was: 'Is that respectful?'

When Mr. Gladstone returned in 1892, he found it difficult to hear at the long table in the accustomed room, and the Captain's biscuits and carafe of water, which are granted by a grateful country to its ministers, were taken upstairs into what was called the Deputation room, and I have in my possession a plan, drawn by Mr. Gladstone himself, showing the position of the table and how his Cabinet was to be arranged around it.

In 1894 he attended his Cabinet for the last time. He sat, as John Morley in his wonderful biography tells us, composed and still as marble; the emotion of his colleagues did not pain him for an instant. He followed the words of acknowledgment and farewell in a little speech of four or five minutes, his voice unbroken and serene, the tone low, grave, and steady—and then he said: 'God bless you all.'

Lord Rosebery continued the arrangement until he made way for Lord Salisbury, who reverted to the old plan, which still exists, of holding his Cabinets in the new Foreign Office, while Mr. Balfour came as tenant of the old house. To those who have never seen the house I may perhaps quote a book which was published in the year of Waterloo. Nightingale in his 'London and Middlesex' describes

Downing Street as a narrow mean-looking street, but opening at the top into a handsome though small square, in which is the residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister. This house has nothing in its exterior or interior of peculiar merit, except it be the excellent taste and beauty manifested

in the furniture, decorations, paintings, library, &c. Nothing, however, appears to be superfluous or unnecessarily expensive; a stranger who visits the houses of some of our very first public officers and political characters would not suppose that the resources of the country are at any time in a very flattering state, or he would conclude that a spirit of parsimony had seized the whole nation. One would have thought that the official residence of such a person as the first minister and chief director in the affairs of the revenue would have had a commanding and conspicuous situation, and have been adorned with some emblems of our national greatness, or some intimations of our rank among the nations of Europe. Instead of this, it is hidden in a corner, and cannot be approached by the public except through one of the meanest looking streets of the metropolis. Indeed, there seems to be a culpable neglect and want of laudable ambition in this respect, pervading even the government itself.

Perhaps Mr. Nightingale would now be satisfied, were he alive, if he were to see the building he despised ornamented as it was in the time of the flag mania, in defiance of all architectural rules, with a ridiculous flagstaff.

No sketch, however slight, should pass over in silence the pictures collected in the First Lord's house. They are few but very interesting—of men mainly distinguished in finance. Mr. Scharf, then the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, was the first, I believe, to identify and classify them. I fancy this was in Mr. Gladstone's last government. No connection with finance, however, can be traced in the portrait by Lely of Lord Maynard, who carries the staff of the Comptroller of the Household; how he came to an honoured place in Downing Street cannot be discovered. Then there is a portrait of Thomas, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, Lord High Treasurer and Treasurer of the Exchequer, whose name furnished the first letter of the famous Cabal. A fine full-length picture of Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1620, Treasurer of the Exchequer in 1624, and Lord High Treasurer in 1628, until he was created Earl of Portland in 1633, is the centre figure of the panel at the end of the room. He wears a black suit with a short mantle, with a white lace circular ruff. He holds in his hand a wand of office and wears the order of the Garter suspended by a blue ribbon. It is a fine picture, painted not by, but after, Vandyke. Burne-Jones considered it as an example of how a great artist influenced the painters of his day.

Then, over the chimney-piece, is a fine portrait, by Van Loo, of Sir Robert Walpole, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1721 to 1742, wearing the embroidered robe of his office. The broad blue ribbon of the Garter, so rarely

bestowed on a commoner, crosses his dark-brown undercoat. His right hand holds erect the ceremonial embroidered purse of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I think Sir Robert must have had a vain appreciation of the beauty of his hands, as in so many of his portraits they are placed in very prominent positions.

There is a bust portrait of Sir John Lowther, who was first Lord of the Treasury in 1691, painted by a French artist, Hyacinthe François Rigaud, which was presented by the Earl of Lonsdale as late as 1826. Near it there is a portrait of Sidney Godolphin, Earl of Godolphin, who was Lord High Treasurer from 1702 to 1710—life-size to the waist, carrying his wand of office. This was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and was presented by the Countess de Grey in 1827.

Then there is a portrait of Perceval, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1807 and Prime Minister in 1809, by George Francis Joseph. Mr. Perceval was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons in May 1812. Another portrait is of Henry Booth, afterwards Baron Delamere, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1689, and was created Earl of Warrington in 1690. The presentment is of a young man, with long flowing hair hanging below his shoulders, and wearing black and polished metal armour—I suppose a kind of fancy dress. This is also painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and has been engraved by John Smith. Thomas Osborne, the first Duke of Leeds, who was Lord High Treasurer from 1673 to 1679, is painted by John Greenhill, while Henry Pelham, who was first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1743 to 1754, is painted by Van Loo, in his official robes, with the embroidered purse of the Seal of the Exchequer. Mr. Gladstone's portrait, a copy of Millais' picture belonging to Lord Rosebery, hangs appropriately on the walls, presented to that historic house by his private secretaries on his retirement. It is to be regretted that more pictures of those who have held such high offices should not have a place in a building so appropriate to them; and it is to be hoped that in future, at any rate, such portraits may be forthcoming for the benefit of posterity.

It is impossible to think of the number of Prime Ministers and First Lords that have existed since the house became their property in Walpole's time, without being struck with the mutability of human ambitions, successes, and failures. Behold what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue! Since that

time what changes have not convulsed and passed over Europe : the overthrow of thrones and dynasties ; and we may be thankful that our constitution has been so firmly built on a rock as to be independent of the rise and fall of ministers and the ebb and flow of politics.

BLACKSTICK PAPERS. NO. 8.¹

BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

I.

ZOFFANY once painted a picture of two charming little sisters in a garden playing with a big dog: one girl sits on the stump of a newly felled tree holding back the great retriever with a pretty warning finger outstretched; the other sister stands beside her, with a merry questioning look in her dark eyes. The two are little girls of the eighteenth century, and they wear the walking dress of that time—the low frocks and elbow sleeves, also Georgian shoes and large buckles; their odd feathered toques are not unlike those that are now in fashion.

If I have picked up few recent anecdotes on our common [writes Horace Walpole, some years later, in 1788], I have made a much more—to me—precious acquisition. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry, whom I first saw last winter, and who accidentally took a house here with their father for the season. . . .

Then he goes on to describe them to his correspondent, Lady Ossory:

The best informed, the most perfect creatures I ever saw at their age. They are exceedingly sensible [he says], entirely natural and unaffected. . . . The eldest, I discovered by chance, understands Latin, and is a perfect Frenchwoman in her language; the younger draws charmingly, and has copied Lady Di's gypsies, which I lent.

(How well one knows that particular gypsy faded shaded style of bygone art!) Horace goes on with his pretty description:

They are of pleasing figures; Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable, sensible countenance. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm and barricade their persons. . . .

He had at first refused to make their acquaintance. 'In a very small company,' he says, 'I sat next to Mary and found her an angel within and without.' Horace Walpole was past seventy, and Mary was about twenty-five years old at this time.

She was born in 1763, Agnes in 1764. Their mother died in

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their infancy, their father seems to have been an amiable nonentity described by Horace Walpole as a 'little merry man with a round face.' 'I was still quite a young girl when I found I had to be adviser and protector to both my father and my sister,' so Mary told someone in after years. It was Horace Walpole's interest and notice which first gave the Miss Berrys their position in London society; it was their own intelligence and kindness which enabled them to hold it for sixty years, from that day when Mary first sat next him at dinner. They knew all the most interesting people who lived during the century; they made them welcome, and their hospitality was welcome to others. They received almost every night; when a light in the window over the doorway showed that they were at home and ready for their friendly visitors.

Mr. Seeley, the editor of a selection of Walpole's letters, quotes a personal description of Horace himself:

He would enter a room in the style of affected delicacy then in fashion, *chapeau bas* between his hands, walking on his toes, knees bent . . . his dress would be lavender and silver, or white silk worked in the tambour, with partridge-coloured silk stockings, and gold buckles, and ruffles and lace.

A later sadder picture belongs rather to the period of his friendship with the Berrys. Horace, lame and suffering, supported by his valet and followed by the little fat dog bequeathed to him by Mme. du Deffand, is helped to the sofa, on which he establishes himself, and where, wonderful to read of, he used to remain talking agreeably from *five o'clock after dinner till two in the morning*. Present intercourse seems mute and frozen in comparison! So much for his talking. Concerning his writing, Sir Leslie Stephen pays him a real tribute in the opening lines of his article on Horace Walpole, when he says, 'The history of England throughout a very large segment of the eighteenth century is simply a synonym for the works of Horace Walpole,' and in a very few sentences he raises before us the brilliant wit who, 'could throw electric flashes of light on the figure he described,' 'who errs from petulancy not from stupidity,' 'who can appreciate great qualities by fits, tho' he cannot be steadily loyal to their possessors.' Another critic has written of 'The man best described by negations, the dilettante, for whom business was a trifle, and trifles were serious business, the Diogenes who was a gentleman usher at heart'—and yet for Fairy Blacksticks and other elderly feminine sympathisers, there seems in this late friendship of the

man of negations some revealing dawn of gentleness following that long winter of forced content and cynicism; some light rising to change the value of the shadows that he valued so unduly, and a vibration of the human under the inhumanity of selfishness and affectation. Old, broken, and weary, Horace Walpole begins to love someone better than himself. Take his letter on parting with the Berrys:

Sunday, October 10, 1790, the day of your departure. Is it possible to write to my beloved friends and refrain from speaking of my grief for losing you; tho' it is but the continuance of what I have felt ever since I was stunned by your intention of going abroad this autumn? Still, I will not tire you with it often. In happy days I smiled and called you my dear wives, now I can only think of you as darling children of whom I am bereaved.

Elsewhere he goes on:

I am determined to forbid myself lamentations that would weary you, and the frequency of my letters will prove there is no forgetfulness. If I live to see you again you will then judge whether I am changed.

And then he adds:

A friendship like mine is not likely to have any of the fickleness of youth when it has none of its other ingredients. . . . I am not ashamed to say that your loss is heavy to me, and that I am only reconciled to it by hoping that a winter in Italy and the journeys and sea-air will be very beneficial to two constitutions so delicate as yours. Adieu, my dearest friends. It would be tautology to subscribe a name to a letter every line of which would suit no other man in the world but the writer.

This is the language of real and tender feeling, and comes home to one as one reads. Did it touch the charming Mary? Kind Agnes was, as we know, always responsive.

The correspondence reveals a dignified and charming relation between the three, the tired old man of the world, and the two girls interested, delighted with his wit, his friends, his kindness, returning his feeling with naturalness and response.

II.

These ladies, Horace Walpole's well-loved Strawberries, were landmarks in their way—Mary Berry, the elder sister, had she so willed it, might have married her 'devoted' Orford, as he liked to sign himself. 'Mayhap I may not write to you again,' he says, 'for I know not how many minutes to come!' . . .

A certain philosophical acceptance of circumstances distinguished the women of Mary Berry's intellect and generation in contradistinction from the varying impressions of the senti-

mentalists who followed, of the *névreuse*s who *are*. Self-complacency must have made life much easier in those fortunate days. Miss Berry certainly possessed a great deal of this stoicism, though at times she was also haunted by sad apprehensions and low spirits. 'I feared some real misfortune had befallen you from your letter' writes a friend who is much relieved to find it is only low spirits that she is complaining of.

Mary Berry's absolute independence told all for good in her friendship with the spoiled old man. She was grateful, faithful, interested, but also she went her own way, consulted her own convenience in all her relations with him, held her own, as people say.

Miss Berry's memoirs were not published till 1865 by Lady Theresa Lewis, one of her constant visitors, and the three big volumes speak no less for the editor's faithful sympathy and appreciation than for the gift Miss Berry undoubtedly possessed of making friends. Her circumstances and her personality must have been very interesting; her correspondence on the contrary seems extremely dull and didactic, and cannot in the least have done justice to 'the angel within and without.' Miss Berry herself seems to have been prouder of her serious turn of mind than of any other attraction. There is a characteristic record of her having said of her sister after her death that 'she had every charm a woman should possess, but she had not her own intellectual powers, she could not reason so well!'

There are allusions in Lady Theresa's short and admirable preface to Miss Berry's life to Mary's engagement to General O'Hara. Both the sisters indeed seem to have had unhappy love stories. How much share Mary's friendship for Horace Walpole may have had in the breaking off of her marriage we do not know; possibly the fear of wounding him may have caused delay, and that separation, which led to a final estrangement.

Among many of Miss Berry's friends come the names of Joanna Baillie, and of Sir Walter himself on many occasions. Miss Berry playfully tells Joanna Baillie that in Arcady her own name is Berrina, and that this name cut by her own fair hand is to be seen carved on one of the largest trees in a ravine at Blantyre. We read of meetings when Berrina reads her works to the approving poetess, then she goes on to see Sir Walter Scott, and ends the day by dining at Sir John Stanley's and meeting Miss Fanshawe there.

She sees a good deal at one time of the Princess of Wales, of whom she speaks with criticism :

The last dance she danced with Lyttelton—such an exhibition ! but that she did not feel for herself one would have felt for her ! An overdressed, bare-bosomed, painted-eyebrowed figure such as one never saw. G. Robinson said she was the only true friend the Prince of Wales has, as she went about justifying his conduct.

The present writer once lived in a house at Wimbledon of which the garden adjoined the gardens of the Grange, which was still standing in 1890, and which had belonged to Sir Francis Burdett. A part of our garden was cut off from the kitchen garden of the Grange by a ditch and an old straggling hedge. There—so the legend ran—Sir Francis Burdett was walking when he was arrested and carried off to the Tower. For these personal reasons it is interesting to the writer to read the accounts in Miss Berry's diary for 1810 of the streets full of common people, moving about in all directions to witness the release of Sir Francis Burdett. 'Went in our carriage down to Piccadilly just as the procession with its innumerable attendants was passing.'

Miss Berry goes on to tell of shabby carriages, squadrons of people on horseback forming a procession in which Sir Francis was *not* ; he having gone quietly from the Tower by water to Putney, and from thence to Wimbledon, to the great disappointment of his followers.

It is also pleasant to read that there used to be sunshine and hay-making in London in those times. Writing on June 26 in the previous year Miss Berry describes :

After dinner, walked with my father and sister to the fields between Paddington and Bayswater ; the hay-making was going on. It was a beautiful, warm, quiet evening. We sat for some time on the cocks of hay, which I really enjoyed, but in how melancholy a manner, Heaven, who sees within my soul, alone can know.

The present writer remembers as a child haymaking, cows, and a syllabub in the fields beyond Holland House, and enjoying a haycock without any melancholy feelings, except perhaps disappointment to find how little to her taste was that syllabub of which Miss Edgeworth had written such eloquent descriptions.

III.

Once, towards the very end of her life, Miss Berry gave a coral necklace to a friend of a younger generation. 'Take it, my dear,' she said, 'I wore it the first time I ever met Horace Walpole.'

This younger friend was Miss Katharine Perry, for whom, and for her sister Mrs. Frederick Elliot, my father's affectionate admiration was great. These two sisters were on very intimate terms with the ladies of Curzon Street. Miss Perry has left a little privately printed pamphlet of extracts from a diary kept in 1849, of which two or three pages give a pretty picture of the Miss Berrys and their home circle and of the people who frequented it.

Here is a page out of Miss Perry's note-book :

Dined with the Miss Berrys—Miss Agnes' own dinner. She had said, some days before, she meant this next dinner to be composed of her own particular friends. I am proud to say [Miss Perry writes] she invited Jane (Mrs. Frederick Elliot) and me. The party also included Kinglake, Thackeray, Bielke, Mr. Rich, and the beautiful Louisa, Lady Waterford. . . . Carlyle was discussed, and, Miss Berry asking what his conversation was like, Kinglake said 'Ezekiel.' . . .¹

On another occasion Miss Perry also met Macaulay and Sydney Smith, and she describes Sydney Smith's admirable influence upon Macaulay's conversation, preventing a monologue, by which she says its brilliance was greatly enhanced. Miss Berry, in one of her letters to the Dowager Countess of Morley, writes :

Talking of Macaulay, I hope you have got his book . . . of all the seductive books you ever read. . . . The first edition of 3,000 copies was sold in the first week, another of 3,000 more is to come out on Thursday.

Mr. Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,' I am told, has about equalled this record.

It must have been at one of these dinners that poor Sydney Smith said of his own talk :

I have not even the privilege which belongs to every Briton, of speaking about the weather, without a roar of laughter from a set of foolish fellows who suppose every word I speak is a joke.

Here is one of the lady's reminiscences which reminds the

¹ Most of these old friends used to come again in the same informal way to Chesham Place, where Miss Perry herself was living with Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, her brother-in-law and sister. How plainly it all rises before one! Kate Perry floating into the room, with her graceful ways and wonderful wreaths of crisp waving, auburn hair; and the good-looking master of the house, with quick, brilliant alertness, and the kind mistress with deep-set grey eyes. It was a kind amusing house, full of welcome and interest and discussion, with a certain amount of criticism and habit of the world to make its sympathy amusing. Lord Lansdowne used to go there, and Mr. Kinglake and Sir Henry Taylor. The great clan of Elliot used to be seen there, and most of the persons who, in those days, were writing and reading and making speeches; and Lady Theresa Lewis herself, and the charming Kent House coterie, and Mr. Spedding, and Mr. Venables, and Lord Houghton, and all the philosophers.

writer of an odd fashion which she can remember in her school-room days, that of fashionably immoderate peals of laughter, which took the place of the impassive calm of the present. One day, when Kate Perry dined there alone, Miss Berry told certain anecdotes of by-gone ladies of fashion. Lady Mary Coke was one of these, and she described her talking of the Empress Maria Theresa :

'I remember the manner that creature treated me,' said Lady Mary Coke. 'Why, what did she do?' asked Miss Berry. 'Do! why, she gave me for dinner chickens black at the bone. What do you think she gave me for supper?—chickens black at the bone; and what' (raising her voice) 'do you think she gave me for breakfast?—chickens *black* at the bone!'

By this time Miss Berry said she herself was in such fits of laughter that she leant up against the chimney-piece and hid her face in her hands, and Mrs. Damer coming in thought she was in hysterics or that Lady Mary had said something offensive. All Miss Berry could utter was—pointing at Lady Mary—'She is mad, ask her what she had to eat at Lécidè.'

Here is a memorandum of something Miss Kate Perry heard at the Miss Berrys' one day when she was *not* alone with them. One of the gentlemen present had just met the Duke of Wellington at dinner, where the Duke had been speaking of Masséna and of Marshal Soult. He had said, 'When I was opposed to Masséna I had neither time to eat or to sleep or to rest, but with Marshal Soult before me I ate and slept and had plenty of leisure.' Then he added : 'All the same he was a great general, there was no one who could move ten thousand men with greater skill from one place to another or bear on a point with greater rapidity, but'—he added—'when he got the men there he did not know what to do with them!' The Duke must have said this more than once, for the story is to be found in other memoirs of the time. Miss Berry in earlier days had been introduced to Napoleon, and her memoirs contain an amusing description of him and of his court. Mrs. Dawson Damer had gone to Paris in order to present a bust of Fox which she had wished to offer to him; Miss Berry accompanied her. The two ladies were somewhat disconcerted when he only spoke to them of the opera and made no allusion whatever to the gift.

IV.

Impressions vary. A friend, who used as a very young girl to be taken to Curzon Street by her mother, has described to the writer the weary hours during which she sat there silent in a corner, while the elders were discoursing—‘not laughing’ she said in answer to my question—‘quite the contrary.’ Miss Berry on her carved chair sat upright, never leaning back; stout and dignified, with a large cap ornamented by a bow of ribbon. No one ever contradicted her, everyone bowed before her and accepted her views, whatever they might be. So much for the impressions of fourteen impatiently waiting for life!

Miss Perry’s notes continually dining and sleeping at the Miss Berrys’—Miss Agnes’s health had been breaking a little, she says, but she never would confess she was not well; with her complete unselfishness of character, her thoughts were so occupied with others that she had no time to devote to herself.

With all her kind-heartedness [the Diary continues], she had considerable clearness and acuteness of perception: Thackeray always maintained she was the most naturally gifted of the two sisters. At times she had an irritability of manner without more meaning in it than the rustling of the leaves of an old elm tree when the wind passes over it. On one particular evening Mr. Kinglake was interesting us all by his eloquent description of the Greek Church and its magnificent services; my carriage was announced, I could hardly tear myself away. ‘I do pity you very much,’ Miss Agnes said, ‘for having to leave us; we are all very good company to-night.’ Miss Agnes appeared in better health and spirits than she had been for a long time; but the next day her health began visibly to decline.

She lingered on till the middle of January. She begged her friends to come as usual: ‘It was less dull for poor Mary,’ she said. The last evening of her life she asked who was below. ‘Go down,’ she said to Kate Perry, ‘and give my love to them all, and tell my dear friend Eöthen not to be anxious about me.’ And then, in the early morning, her gentle spirit passed away.

After a time the light was again placed in the doorway, as a signal that Miss Berry could receive her friends once more. They gathered round, but the light burnt dimly, the gaiety and spirit seemed quenched now that the kind Agnes was gone. We all knew that it was the union of the two sisters which formed the peculiar charm of these evenings in Curzon Street.

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The things which *are*, certainly gain extraordinarily by things which have been—so far-reaching a chord is that of everyday life.

The first sentence of the lecture on the 'Four Georges' concerns Miss Mary Berry :

A very few years since [my father writes], I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George III. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door, had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III. ; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the Court of Queen Anne. I often thought, as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits. . . .

This was written about 1860, and some ten years before that time my father had taken us as children one day to the little house in Mayfair where the Miss Berrys had lived since 1830—that No. 8 of which their friend the witty Lady Morley wrote so affectionately, at whose door it was a pleasure to find oneself knocking. I remember my father knocking at the door and pointing out the iron extinguishers on either side of it which had served for the torches which once flared, which lighted the dazzling past company that used to climb the narrow staircase. We were shown into a little grey drawing-room giving on the street, and thither presently came a little grey lady ; a tiny woman, daintily dressed in grey ; she wore a white lace cap and a white muslin tippet, fastened by a pink satin knot, she seemed grave and rather hurried and preoccupied—' My sister is not well, we must not see our friends to-day ; please come again,' she said, or words to that effect, and then as she spoke she looked up at my father with a gentle confident glance and a certain expression of arch composure which I think I can still recognise in the portrait of the younger of the girls in Zoffany's picture.

ALMS FOR OBLIVION.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.

V.

DIPLOMACY IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

Troilus and Cressida.

THE mediæval period has left us few more racy and entertaining documents than the Lombard bishop Luitprand's narrative of his mission to the Court of the Byzantine Emperor Nicephorus Phocas, A.D. 968. This pre-eminence is not so much due to any especial literary merit of the writer, the most lettered and polished of his age, but whose learning rather than his taste was in advance of its standard, as to his character as an unconscious humorist of the Pepys class, a man wittier than he knows, and facetious at his own expense. It is also of much value as a delineation of the Byzantine Court from a hostile point of view, and as affording a glimpse of modern European diplomacy in its infancy. The dignity of classical times had been overlaid under the Roman Empire by a thick coat of servility, upon which the disasters of later times superinduced a thicker coat of barbarism. Yet diplomatic traditions survived, which in the tenth century gradually struggle to light, though the rudeness of the age frequently inspires sovereigns and ambassadors with what we should now deem a most undiplomatic frankness.

Luitprand, or Liudprand, was born in Lombardy about 920. Having embraced the ecclesiastical profession, his studies qualified him for those public employments which could be discharged only by men of education, a character in that age nearly synonymous with the clerical, and most commonly not even with that. Luitprand had influential relatives, who pushed him forward, and he himself, though his natural parts were obscured by the barbarism of the times, was a man of genuine literary instinct. In 949 he greatly extended his knowledge of literature and of the world by a

mission to Constantinople, where he acquired Greek, an accomplishment most unusual in Western Europe in his day, and upon which he lets us see that he highly valued himself. He was at this time in the service of the Lombard prince Berengar, the last Italian for many centuries to claim the title of King of Italy. Berengar was unpopular with the clergy, and this may have determined Luitprand's secession from his service. In the last chapter of his unfinished history of his times he speaks vaguely of the ingratitude of his master, but breaks off before coming to particulars. In any case he betook himself about 956 to the German Emperor Otto I., who in 960 invaded Italy, dethroned Berengar, and, proceeding to Rome, where the power and repute of the Papacy were then at their lowest ebb, caused himself to be crowned King of the Romans, a step which immediately brought him into collision with the Byzantine Empire.

The situation of this empire at the time was the reverse of that depicted in Clough's poem :

In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly !
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Under an able and warlike Emperor, the Byzantine power was making great progress in the East : it had recovered Crete, and was about to recover Antioch. In Italy its situation resembled that of Spain, outside the limits of the Iberian Peninsula, in the Europe of the seventeenth century : the shadow of a great name, the dwindling of whose power had not been accompanied by any abatement of its pretensions. Upper Italy had been lost to the Lombards, Sicily to the Saracens, but the Adriatic coast and the extreme south of what was afterwards the kingdom of Naples remained to the Eastern Emperor under the designations of Apulia and Calabria. Above all, the Byzantines were firmly convinced that they were the ancient Romans, that their sovereign was Cæsar as well as Basileus, that Charles the Great had been an upstart usurper, and that Otto the Great was just such another, and worse, inasmuch as, instead of affecting submissiveness towards the Popes (who were, after all, only the Eastern Emperor's chaplains, if you saw things in a right light), he had taken upon himself to reform their morals, and to set them up and pull them down *ad libitum*. Otto's assumption of the title of King of the Romans was, therefore, regarded at Constantinople much in the light in which Queen Victoria's assumption of the title of Empress of

India would have been regarded at Delhi, if it had been made while the Great Mogul yet retained any shadow of authority. Otto on his part was sincerely desirous of living in peace with his neighbours, and the best means he could devise to that end was that they should cease to be his neighbours by becoming his subjects. He had a marriageable son, the Greek Emperor had a marriageable step-daughter. What more appropriate than that the young people should be wedded, and that the bride should bring Apulia and Calabria as her marriage portion, thus enabling her father to devote his entire attention to the Saracens and Bulgarians, and Otto to round off his Italian kingdom until he should be lord of all

Begirt by wall of Alp and azure sea,
And cloven by the ridges Apennine?

The position of affairs at Constantinople was singular. The Empress Theophano, widow of the late Emperor Romanus, was suspected of having poisoned her father-in-law, Constantine, that she might govern through her husband, and her husband, that she might govern by herself. As it proved, she had lost authority by the exchange of a handsome young husband for an ugly and disagreeable one. Nicephorus Phocas, a warrior and statesman, who paid little court to Venus and the Graces, was called by the public voice to the head of affairs, and heroically assumed the burden not only of the Empire, but of the Empress and her young children by Romanus, to whom he appears to have behaved with perfect honour and loyalty, virtues the easier of practice as he had no children of his own. Harsh, avaricious, bigoted, and generally disliked, Nicephorus was nevertheless an able ruler and a consummate general, and the last man in the world to yield anything to either the threats or the blandishments of his German Imperial brother. An envoy sent by Otto in 967 seems not only to have failed to extract anything from Nicephorus, but to have exceeded his instructions in making concessions. Anger perhaps had a share in inviting Otto to a perfidious attack on Bari, the capital of the Greek possessions in Italy, which entirely miscarried. War, one would have thought, must have been the inevitable consequence of such an outrage, but it merely produced another embassy, with special instructions to urge young Otto's marriage with the younger Theophano, and the cession of Apulia and Calabria as her dowry. It may be suspected that this step was

instigated by Luitprand, anxious to air his Greek, and forgetting that he would find in Nicephorus a different kind of man from the affable Emperor who had received him nineteen years before. Fortune had lately smiled upon him; in the last book of his 'History,' written while still an exile in Germany, he speaks despondingly of his position and prospects; but when Otto became master of Lombardy, one of his first acts had been to make the refugee Bishop of Cremona, where, in the opinion of his contemporaries, he had covered himself with glory by procuring for his cathedral the relics of St. Himerius. The Emperor being unacquainted with Italian, Luitprand had acted as his orator in the important and yet grotesque business of the deposition of Pope John XII., who was no sooner displaced by the Emperor than he was reinstated by the people, and had cut off quite a considerable number of his enemies' noses before (if we may receive the weighty testimony of Luitprand), he was brained by the Devil. One fact of considerable interest emerges from this gloomy chaos, the existence of an Italian language in which an Italian assembly needed to be addressed, but which has not left a single written monument for more than two centuries afterwards.

Luitprand's narrative of his mission takes the form of an official report addressed to his sovereigns, the Emperor Otto, the young prince of the same name associated in the Empire, and the Empress Adelaide. He arrived, he says, at Constantinople on June 4, 968, with a suite of twenty-five persons, and, after having been kept in the rain till the eleventh hour, 'and otherwise treated in a scurvy manner in contempt of your Majesties,' was conducted to a palace inhabited by five lions, *conceives et cohabitatores mei*. He incidentally admits the magnificence of the edifice by complaining that, the Greek authorities having neglected to supply bedding, he and his companions had to pillow their heads upon marble. But it was equally accessible to heat and to cold, and armed guards prevented all ingress and egress. It was further inconveniently distant from the Imperial residence, to which, when summoned thither, Luitprand was compelled to walk. Worse, it was destitute of water, and the wine was undrinkable by reason of its contamination with pitch, rosin, and gypsum. [Nothing to eat but billy goats, and nothing to drink but turpentine!] Worst of all was the major-domo. 'Should your Imperial Majesties desire to find one like him, your Majesties must absolutely go to the Devil, for there is not his

fellow outside the infernal regions, if there.' The day after his arrival Luitprand was called before the Emperor's brother Leo, Prefect of the Palace and Logothete, 'a reed of a man who will pierce your hand if you stay it on him. We had a tremendous tussle respecting your Majesty's title, which he would not allow to be Basileus, but only Rex. When I said that these were just the same thing, he said that I had come there to kick up a row (*non pacis sed contentionis causa venisse*), and, in a passion, took your letters from the hand of the interpreter. The next day I was summoned before Nicephorus himself, a monstrous being, dwarfish, great-headed, eyed like a mole, grizzled with a thick cropped beard, a long thin neck, a sooty complexion, the sort of fellow you would not care to meet after dark. He has too much flesh before and too little behind, his thighs are too long for his stature, and his legs too short, and he is unprovided with an instep. His robe of byssus may have been white when he began to wear it in ancient times. He chatters fluently, is endowed with the disposition of a fox, and is a very Ulysses for fraud and falsehood. On his left, but at a much lower level, sat the two young Emperors formerly his masters and now his subjects. "We should have desired," said he, "to accord you a friendly and magnificent reception, but for the impiety of your master, who has seized upon our city of Rome, put Berengar and Adelbert to death, slain many Romans with the sword, hanged others, blinded others, banished others, assailed our Apulian cities with fire and sword, and, to fill up the measure of his iniquities, sent you, their chief counsellor and prompter, to be a spy upon us." To whom I, "My master has not made a forcible conquest of Rome, but has delivered it from the yoke of harlots. What was your Majesty about? Were you asleep, and all your predecessors? But my master, arising from the ends of the earth, has cut off the wicked and restored the Vicars of the Apostles to their rightful authority and honour. When after this rebels rose up against him, he punished them conformably to the precepts of the Emperors Justinian, Valentinian, and Theodosius. As to Berengar and Adelbert, they were rebels, and had broken their oaths and fealty *suadente diabolo*." "But," said he, "we have a soldier of Adelbert's here who affirms the contrary." "Well," said I, "I have a soldier too, and he shall fight him." "Let be," said he, "let us suppose this all right. Now please explain why your master has invaded my dominions with fire and sword." Whereupon

I proceeded to rehearse how these Italian territories were your Majesties' lawful possessions, and that you had shown extraordinary forbearance in so long delaying to assert your right to them, and that you were willing even now to receive them as the dowry of the Princess Theophano; when Nicephorus, "It is past the second hour, and we have to attend a procession. We will give you a fitting answer in due season."

'All the way from the Palace to Saint Sophia was thronged with armed men bearing diminutive bucklers and puny javelins. And the crowd that thronged to the spectacle were mostly bare-foot. The tunics of the nobles were all in holes; they would have looked far better in their ordinary dress. There was no show of gems or gold except on the person of Nicephorus himself, who looked uglier than ever in his Imperial ornaments. I was given a high seat near the choristers, and saw the monster come creeping in, and heard the singers quiring "Behold the Morning Star!"'

Luitprand continues to relate how Nicephorus the same day bade him to a banquet, and, not choosing to accord him precedence over any of his officers, assigned him the sixteenth place and omitted to give him a napkin. At dinner he indulged in a scornful invective against the German soldiers, the more interesting as he was himself the author of a valuable work on tactics which has come down to us. He thought the Germans far too heavily armed, and brought against them those charges of gluttony and drunkenness to which they have been deemed obnoxious in all ages. On the subject of sea power he discoursed like Captain Mahan, and concluded that the Roman Emperor need have no fear of a sovereign who was unable to reduce the *civitatula* of Bari. Luitprand, by his own account, replied to the Imperial sarcasms with so much much spirit that Nicephorus lost patience, and commanded him to withdraw. Returned to the lions' den, he petitioned the Emperor's brother that he might be allowed to send despatches home, or else to depart upon a Venetian vessel. After a few days he was summoned before the ministers of Nicephorus, who made him narrate the purpose of his embassy over again, and then informed him that, although in a general way the alliance of a princess of the House of Porphyrogenitus with a Western barbarian was an inconceivable thing, yet for the sake of amity and concord they were willing to make a counter-proposal. Let the German Emperor, instead of demanding a dowry with Theophano, himself

yield Ravenna and Rome ; or let the idea of marriage be dropped, and let Otto deserve the friendship of the Byzantine Emperor by surrendering Rome only, and ejecting the usurping Princes of Capua and Beneventum. Luitprand in his reply makes considerable use of the forged Donation of Constantine, fabricated in the West about two centuries before his time, and said not to have been communicated to the Greeks until their final and irremediable breach with Rome in the eleventh century. The Greeks, however, seem to know all about it, and it was not this that broke up the conference in a general fit of laughter.

Bidden again to an Imperial feast, Luitprand experienced the most cruel of his mortifications by being refused precedence over the Bulgarian Ambassador, a dirty savage, 'shorn in the manner of the Hungarians,' and girt with an iron chain. So lively were Luitprand's remonstrances that he was removed from the Palace, and sent off to dine at an inn with the Emperor's servants. Nicephorus, however, mitigated his woe by sending him 'a most dainty dish from his own table, of which he himself had had a slice, namely, a fat kid stuffed with garlic, onions, and leeks, and swimming in brine pickle ; which,' he ironically adds, 'I wished upon your Majesties' own table, that you might see how delicately your Imperial brother fares.' A week afterwards, the Bulgarian being out of the way, Luitprand was again summoned, this time to meet a party of Bishops, when the discourse naturally turned upon divinity. The Emperor propounded various questions, 'which,' says Luitprand, 'by afflation of the Holy Spirit, I answered right elegantly. Then, wishing to take a rise out of your Imperial Majesties (*ut de vobis ludum haberet*), he asked what Councils we acknowledged. I replied those of Nice, Chalcedon, Ephesus, Antioch, Carthage, Ancyra, and Constantinople. "Ha! ha!" exclaimed he, "you have forgotten the Council of Saxony;" the implication being that the Saxons were too ignorant and barbarous for such refined institutions. Luitprand explained that Councils were invented to repress heresy ; and that, as the Greeks swarmed with heresies, they naturally abounded with Councils ; but that orthodox Saxony was exempt from both. He had no prevision of Martin Luther!

Nicephorus, perhaps shunning Luitprand's logic, kept him three weeks without another audience, and then opened fire upon him from a new quarter. 'Did not your predecessor,' he asked, 'pledge his word that your master would not affront Us in any

manner? And what greater affront can there be than that he should continue to entitle himself Emperor, as if he was anything more than a king, and as if there were any Emperors in the Christian world but ourselves and our colleagues? But do you be tractable, and we will make it worth your while.' Luitprand replied that he had written instructions from his master, which were precise upon this very point. Let them be sent for and opened, and if any authority was found for concession he would concede willingly. Instead of sending for the instructions, Nicephorus kept him to dinner, where he met the Emperor's father, whose age he estimated at one hundred and fifty years. 'Notwithstanding which the Greeks wish him many years to come in their acclamations, as they do the Emperor.' The banquet was enlivened by the recitation of a homily of St. Chrysostom upon the Acts of the Apostles. On July 20 the envoy was compelled to witness the mustering of a fleet bound for the West, but Nicephorus's serious efforts were directed not against Otto but the Saracens, against whom he shortly marched, proceeding by land as far as the Hellespont. Arriving at a place which Luitprand calls Umbria, eighteen miles from Constantinople, he sent for Luitprand and again pressed him about the rebellious Dukes of Capua and Beneventum. Luitprand refused to enter into any engagement, and Nicephorus, though 'swelling like a toad,' kept him to dinner, and inquired whether the Western sovereigns had hunting parks, and whether these contained wild asses. Upon being informed that they had the parks but not the asses, he ordered Luitprand to be conducted into a 'spacious, hilly, woody, not very pleasant' piece of ground, where he certainly saw asses intermingled with goats, but could not perceive that they differed in any respect from those to which he was accustomed at Cremona. Being, however, able to declare with a good conscience that he had not seen the like in Saxony, the Greeks assured him that if his master would meet the views of their master, the latter would present the former with some of the choicest asses, to his singular honour and comfort.

This was Luitprand's last interview with Nicephorus. It must be owned that he shows himself little sensible of the Emperor's public-spirited behaviour towards the Christian commonwealth, or of the advantage to it promised by his expedition, and he seems not to perceive that the reason he alleges for its being undertaken, if savouring of the superstition of the age, is highly

honourable to the Emperor. There was, he says, a prophecy that Nicephorus should reign seven years (he reigned six), and that under him the Greeks should be victorious against the Saracens; but that he should be succeeded by a worse Emperor than himself ('most unlikely this!' interjects Luitprand) and a less martial one, under whose reign the Saracens should subdue Asia as far as Chalcedon. It was therefore determined to make all the hay possible while the sun of Nicephorus was still above the horizon. There was, however, another and more comfortable prediction: 'The lion and the lion's whelp shall destroy the wild ass,' which Hippolytus, a Sicilian Bishop, interpreted of Nicephorus and Otto. To this Luitprand cannot subscribe; his master is manifestly no whelp but a full-grown lion, while Nicephorus is too destitute of all leonine qualities to pass for so much as a lion in miniature. Do lions, moreover, eat garlic and onions, and mix their wine with sea-water? The whelp is most evidently the younger Otto, a true chip of the old block.¹ Luitprand proceeds to assign another reason for Nicephorus's expedition. It was all a financial speculation. A plague of mice had brought famine into the land. Nicephorus bought up all the corn he could on the frontier of Mesopotamia, and resold it at double rates to the army he had enlisted for this very purpose. This is clearly a ridiculous calumny, founded perhaps upon misapprehension of the measures adopted by Nicephorus to meet the emergency, but largely prompted by Luitprand's dislike of the Greeks, of whom he certainly had reason to complain. After Nicephorus's licence for his departure had been accorded, his ministers in his absence continued to detain Luitprand under pretext of concern for his personal safety. The sea, they said, was full of Saracens, and the land of Hungarians. Luitprand was kept closely immured without the relaxation of any occasional summons to the Emperor, and being infamously cheated in all his purchases found his detention very expensive. On August 15 ample excitement was provided for the Greek public by the arrival of envoys from Pope John XIII., Otto's creature, bearing letters addressed to 'the Emperor of the Greeks,' in which Otto was styled 'Emperor of the Romans.' The Greeks were absolutely infuriated, and talked of nothing less than sewing the envoys up in sacks and casting

¹ The interpretations of Hippolytus and Luitprand having notoriously broken down, we modestly propound our own. The lion is the British Lion. The lion's whelp is the sovereign of these realms, the representative of the house of *Guelph*.

them into the Bosphorus, *more majorum*. Pending decision on their fate, they were committed to prison, and Luitprand thinks they would certainly have visited the bottom of the Bosphorus if they had not evidently been very insignificant persons. He himself was summoned on September 14, before the Ministers, and required to certify that the Pope was a fool, and so ignorant as not to be aware that the Emperor Constantine had carried the whole Roman aristocracy off to Constantinople, and left no inhabitants behind but slaves and people of the lowest class. He was further to undertake that all subsequent communications from the Pope should be addressed in conformity with Byzantine etiquette. This pledge he gave, excusing himself for his compliance on the plea that otherwise Nicephorus will not read them, and will fail to profit by the admonitions which they will doubtless contain. They will, he says, resemble whited sepulchres, fair to view externally, but full within of all manner of unpleasantness. The Ministers next inquired why they had received no communication from Luitprand's master. Because, said Luitprand, you have prevented me from writing to him. He therefore thinks that I am no more, and his state of mind resembles that of a lioness robbed of her cubs. The Ministers thereupon renewed their promises, but called Luitprand's attention to the fact that among the articles he had been buying to take home with him were sundry purple robes for Otto and his Empress, the export of which Imperial vestments was contrary to fundamental laws. Luitprand, according to his own account, made a harder fight on this pretension than on all diplomatic questions put together, but, in spite of his proof that he had done the same thing under the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus with no opposition from any quarter, he was compelled to yield the point and the garments, the Ministers justly remarking that Nicephorus was a different sort of person from Constantine.

This knotty point adjusted, the Ministers gave Luitprand a letter for the Emperor Otto, written in characters of gold. ('The contents are unknown to me, but I fear that they will be disagreeable to your Majesty.') They added another for the Pope in letters of silver, explaining that it was written by the Emperor's brother, the Pope being judged unworthy to receive communications from the Emperor direct. They then kissed Luitprand all round, and took fifty pieces of gold from him for his *diasostes*—'conserver through thick and thin'—a personage

corresponding to the Italian *vetturino*, who was to contract to see him safe and sound to a given point on his journey. He then went home, and relieved his mind by writing Latin verses on the walls and tables of his house. On October 2 he left by sea 'this formerly most opulent and flourishing, now famished, perjured, mendacious, deceitful, rapacious, greedy, stingy, inglorious city of Constantinople,' and in forty-nine days he arrived at Naupactus, 'boating, walking, horse-borne, ass-borne, fasting, thirsting, sighing, weeping, groaning.' Here the *diasostes* left him, consigning him and his retinue to two skiffs, 'whose crews were supposed to feed us, but we had to feed them.' Here Luitprand got into a serious scrape, entirely, as he admits, by his own fault. It was St. Andrew's Day (November 30), and Luitprand was close by the alleged scene of the Apostle's martyrdom at Patrae, in Achaia. In his impatience, as he pleads, to enjoy the sight of his Imperial master, he omitted to visit it. The Saint was ready with a tempest, and Luitprand and his company remained weather-bound, in peril from pirates and robbers. By a most elegant oration, which he gives in full, Luitprand appeased the celestial wrath, and such fine weather supervened that, 'the crews having run away, we navigated the vessels to Leucas by ourselves.' Here the narrative terminates from the imperfection of the MS., leaving Luitprand in the midst of some fresh danger from treachery, which he must have surmounted, and it is not likely that more than a leaf or two of his manuscript is lost. It probably concluded with a denunciation of Nicephorus and all things Greek as scathing as the baffled diplomatist could make it.

With all his foibles, Luitprand is an amiable character: in adroitness, pliability, self-complacency, and genuine zeal for culture bordering upon pedantry, a true precursor of the Renaissance. He would have made a great figure if he had lived at the revival of letters, a second Aeneas Sylvius perhaps. There can be no question of the general credibility of his narrative. It is equally plain that it is very highly coloured. In estimating the allowance to be made for this, it will not be superfluous to remember that the affronts of which he complains were personal to himself, and that he is perhaps the only historian who has avowed a personal bias in writing history. Many historians have unscrupulously blackened their enemies, but they have not openly alleged their personal grievances as a sufficient reason. Luitprand, however, frankly entitles his history of his

times an *antapodosis*, a 'paying off,' and expresses his intention of requiting friends and enemies according to their works. It may be imagined how the Emperor Nicephorus would fare at his hands. He would also wish to stand well with his own sovereign, and we may well doubt whether his resistance to the Greek Emperor's pretensions was always quite so sturdy as he makes it appear. He consistently supports the character of that loyal servant of a later day who so triumphantly vindicated his master's fitness to carry victuals to a bear; nor need we doubt that he went as far in this direction as he could venture, but it seems equally indubitable that many of his resolute harangues were but *l'esprit de l'escalier*.

Luitprand had not been long recruiting himself in his diocese when a great mutation occurred in Byzantine affairs. At the end of 969 Nicephorus Phocas was murdered by his Armenian general John Zimisce at the instigation of his wife Theophano. Zimisce was to have taken the Empress along with the Empire, but, reluctant to give her an opportunity of making away with yet another husband, he is suspected of having arranged a comedy with the Patriarch Polyeuctus. Whether by a preconcerted understanding or otherwise, about a week after the disappearance of Nicephorus the new Emperor received an epistle from the Patriarch, pointing out that, although usurpation and murder might be overlooked, the sin of marrying a predecessor's widow was inextinguishable. Zimisce bowed in all dutifulness and consigned Theophano to a monastery on an island in the Aegean Sea.¹ Her daughter's presence in the Court circle may have been found embarrassing; at all events, a marriage was soon arranged between the younger Theophano and the son of Otto, who waived his demand for the cession of Apulia and Calabria as dower in consideration of the claim he was acquiring to those provinces. To this the Greeks were so sensitive as to have subsequently asserted that Otto was imposed upon by a false Theophano, but this seems a weak invention. It is extremely likely that Luitprand would be a member of the nuptial embassy; but if so he left his bones by the way or in Constantinople; for in 973, the year of the marriage, another takes his bishopric, and no further mention is made of him.

¹ She was recalled by her sons after the death of Zimisce, and is said to have again taken part in public affairs.

If Luitprand lived to enter Constantinople in a diplomatic capacity for the third time he must have felt himself rehabilitated. 'Comparing present feelings with the past,' he must during his inauspicious mission to Nicephorus Phocas have looked back regretfully to the bright days of his diplomatic *début* in 949 at the Court of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, of which he tells us with delightful self-complacency at the end of his unfinished history. He celebrates before all things the economy of King Berengar, who, wishing to send an envoy to Constantinople without expense to himself, took occasion to observe to Luitprand's uncle: 'What bliss were but your hopeful nephew acquainted with Greek!' 'Gladly,' returned the more than parental kinsman, 'would I make him a Greek scholar at the price of half my substance.' 'Oh dear!' rejoined the King, 'it need not cost you the hundredth part. I will send him on an embassy to Constantinople, and you shall pay his expenses.' The uncle, fairly caught, with or without a good grace, provided Luitprand with outfit, viaticum, and presents for the Greek Emperor, and despatched him in company with Liutfred, Ambassador from the Emperor of Germany, who was bound for Constantinople at the same time. They sailed from Venice, which had taken the place of Ravenna as the chief port of the Adriatic, on August 25, and arrived at Constantinople on September 17. Scarcely landed, he found himself in a difficulty. The German Ambassador had brought splendid gifts; the too thrifty Berengar had sent nothing worth acceptance. Luitprand, as he assures us, took an heroic resolution, and diverted the presents he was to have made on his own account to the service of his master. Thus did Berengar most improperly gain credit with the Greeks for having given the Basileus nine coats of mail, seven shields, two gilded silver cups, and a boy slave, the very football of fortune, originally stolen by merchants of Lorraine to sell to the Spanish Moors. The Emperor was gratified, and Luitprand was admitted to the banquets of the Palace, where he beheld the famous automatic golden tree, described by Gibbon and in Scott's 'Count Robert of Paris.' The golden birds warbled and the golden lions roared, but Luitprand was neither transported nor dismayed, 'for,' he says, 'I had heard all about it beforehand.' What did amaze him was the sudden elevation of the Emperor, who, when Luitprand prostrated himself in adoration, appeared enthroned at a moderate height from the ground, but when he arose was regarding him from the ceiling, in virtue, as the Ambassador reasonably conjectures, of the opera-

tion of some concealed piece of mechanism. It would be extremely interesting if we could see in this the germ of the hydraulic lift. Luitprand next describes the surprising feats of some Byzantine athletes, approaching the dexterity of the old gentleman in 'Alice in Wonderland' who 'balanced an eel on the end of his nose,' and records how a repartee procured him a dress of honour from the Emperor. Here he breaks off, just as he seems about to treat of affairs of State; perhaps summoned by Otto to take part against his old master Berengar.

It would be interesting to know whether Luitprand ever read the elaborate treatise on the ceremonies of the Byzantine Court compiled by Constantine Porphyrogenitus. He would there learn with what distinction he would have been treated could but Nicephorus Phocas have recognised in Otto the successor of Augustus. Constantine hardly seems to have regarded any Western sovereign in that light since the subversion of the Western Empire. For a precedent he goes back to the fifth century, when Leo the Thracian received an embassy from the ephemeral Emperor Anthemius. Two regulations of Byzantine etiquette are worthy of note. No armed soldiers are to be present at the reception of the Western envoys, 'for they are not barbarians.' The Ambassadors' orations are to be taken down by reporters, a fact to be noted by the historians of shorthand.

THEODORE HOOK

BY VISCOUNT ST. CYRES.

OLD-FASHIONED writers of the Lives of unimportant Saints had an excellent custom, well worthy of revival in the modern world. They wasted very little time over what a pleasant euphemism calls the 'facts' of their hero's life—dull chronological details as to the date of his birth, or the places he held in the Church or world; and of course they were careful to keep in the background any blots there might be on his career. Instead are long accounts of the qualities that gained for him his title of Saint—his Faith, his Hope, his Temperance, his Justice—and so on through the old scholastic scale of virtues. These, it is argued, are the only points in which he was of value to the world, and in them alone has the world a reasonable interest; the rest had much better be forgotten. It is a pity that Mr. Dalton Barham did not borrow a leaf from the Catholic book when he sat down to write his pleasant, but only too elaborate, *Life of Theodore Hook*. Hook was certainly no Saint—Dr. Garnett even denies him the possession of a sterling character—but he has won undying fame as a humorist and pamphleteer. Why not, then, agree to treat him on the hagiographical principle—dwell simply on his humour and his pamphleteering, and drop his unsuccessful love-affairs and the squabbles over his *Treasurership of the Mauritius*?

He was born in 1788, being the younger, by no less than seventeen years, of the two sons of Mr. James Hook, a professional musician. Mr. Hook was also a composer of great repute in his day, though I fear that his hundred and forty comic operas did not long survive him. Two of his songs, however, still keep their place at Penny Readings—'Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town,' a 'ballad written in the Scotch style,' and 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' written in the English. Anyhow, the copyrights brought in enough to give the elder son, James, an excellent education. He took orders; made a judicious marriage with Miss Farquhar, daughter of George IV.'s confidential physician; and rose through the favour of Carlton House to high preferment in the Church, ending as Dean of Worcester. He, in his turn, was

father of a greater Dean, Walter Farquhar Hook, of Chichester, the 'Apostle of the Middle Classes.'

Theodore's own early surroundings, however, were anything but decanal. His mother died young, and his father did little for his education beyond giving him the run of every theatre in London. It is true that he went for a short time to Harrow, where he distinguished himself on the night of his arrival by throwing a stone through the bedroom window of his tutor's wife—it is said, at the instigation of a fellow-pupil, George Noel Byron. Later on he kept a term or two at Oxford, where he seriously endangered his matriculation by one of the best-known of his jokes. Being asked to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, he said he would willingly sign forty, if the Vice-Chancellor would like it better. The scandalised dignitary only forgave him on the intercession of his brother James.

But Oxford—an Oxford just beginning to awaken from her indolence and port—was not the place for Theodore Hook. He was more in his element in London, writing libretti for his father's operas or farces on his own account. The character of these last may be guessed from Byron's kindly notice of his old school-fellow in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers':—

Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread!
On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask.

Hook revenged himself by a burlesque of one of the 'interviews' which the noble misanthrope at Venice sometimes granted to inquisitive tourists. Few people realise how much the rise of personal journalism owes to the author of 'Childe Harold':—

Lord Byron has several peculiarities. He reduced himself from corpulency to the opposite extent by eating raisins and occasionally sipping brandy. He has a strong antipathy to pork when underdone, and nothing could induce him to partake of Fish which had been caught for more than ten days; indeed, he has a singular dislike even to the smell of it. . . . He is very particular about his tooth-picks, and generally uses those made of a particular kind of wood, in preference to quills.

A critic more dangerous than Byron was the Examiner of Plays, who laid his veto on one of Hook's pieces, called 'Killing no Murder.' One can scarcely wonder that he did so, for 'Killing no Murder' is an outrageous satire on the Wesleyan Revival. 'I conceived,' said its author, 'that by blending the most flippant and ridiculous of all callings, except a man-milliner's—I mean

a dancing-master's—with the grave and important character of a preacher, I should, without touching indelicately upon the subject, have raised a laugh against the absurd union of spiritual and secular avocations which so decidedly marks the character of the Methodist.' It must be admitted that he was acting under a certain provocation. Relations between Church and Stage were not what they are to-day. Rowland Hill, the Spurgeon of his time, had raised the most exasperating 'Hosannahs!' over the great fire at Drury Lane in 1808—the fire that gave birth to 'Rejected Addresses.' 'Great news, my brethren—great news! A great triumph has taken place over the devil and the stage-players! A fire in one of their houses! Oh, may there be one destroyed every year!' Besides, irresponsible Bohemians like Hook are never likely to be much in love with new theological departures; if they meddle with such matters at all, it is to support an Established Church, for the same reason that Lord Thurlow supported it—because the 'd——d Church *was* Established.' What was Methodism to them, except a novelty that did not amuse them?

On the other hand, neither in this nor in any other of Hook's more questionable performances was there the slightest tinge of malice; he was much less anxious to wound the Methodists than to provide his friend Lintot, the actor, with a new and wholly original part—Chadband in the pumps of Turveydrop. To the Examiner's expostulations he listened with a half-aggrieved, half-humorous, and wholly innocent wonder, as to why any human being should be ass enough to be offended by his fun. A good joke seemed to him the only thing worth living for, and no amount of dignity or 'feelings' should be allowed to stand in its way; he never failed to sacrifice his own, and could not see why other people should expect him to consider theirs, when some really effective situation was in view. And—to do him justice—there is always something artistic even in the crudest examples of his humour; while as to his great efforts, *aut diabolus aut Hamus* represents the opinion of contemporary admirers. Take, for example, the hoax played off on Mrs. Tottenham, an old lady living in Berners Street, who had somehow managed to offend him. 'I'll make the old woman the talk of London,' he said; and accordingly wrote to every sort and kind of person—it is said, to over 4,000 in all—asking them to call in Berners Street on a certain day. 'The first thing witnessed,' says a newspaper of the

time, 'was six stout men bearing an organ, surrounded by wine-porters, barbers with wigs, mantua-makers with band-boxes, opticians with the various instruments of their trade. Waggon's laden with coal from the Paddington wharves, upholsterers' goods in cart-loads, pianofortes, linen and jewellery of every description filled the street. Besides these, a coffin was brought to the house, made by order, agreeable to letter, five feet six by sixteen inches; there were accoucheurs, tooth-drawers, miniature painters, and servants of every description wanting places. Certain revelations to be made respecting a complicated system of fraud pursued at the Bank of England brought the Governor of that establishment. The Lord Mayor and his Chaplain were allured by an invitation to receive the death-bed confession of a speculating Common Councilman; while the Duke of Gloucester started off with Colonel Dalton to receive a communication from a dying woman, formerly a confidential attendant on his Royal Highness's mother. His were the royal liveries conspicuous on the occasion.'

Still, it was not often that Hook was content to display his inventiveness from the background. Unlike most young men, who terrify themselves into the belief that the eyes of the universe are on them, he liked to feel himself a 'cynosure,' and qualified for the position by the lurid extravagance of his behaviour. 'This is all very well in its way,' he said, during a driving tour in Wales; 'delightful country—plenty to look at, of course—but somehow nobody looks at us. I must really get up a *digito monstrari* one way or another.' So, at the next town, he bought a box of large black wafers, and stuck them all over the white horse he was driving. This mode of attracting attention was abundantly successful. 'Cadwallader and all his goats' had never seen the like before.

A more ingenious performance was the dinner with Mr. Jones. Strolling about one afternoon in London with Lintot, the actor, he passed a house where an abundant smell of cooking proclaimed a coming party. 'I wish I was going to eat that dinner,' said Lintot. 'Do you?' answered Hook. 'I bet you I sit down to it, and you can call for me at ten o'clock.' 'Done,' said the actor; whereupon Hook ran up the steps, rang the bell, and was ushered into the drawing-room. He soon made out the master of the house, and assailed him with profuse excuses. 'Ten thousand apologies for being so late. Your note said four o'clock, and it is already past five, but I was kept in the City later than usual—

most important business, I assure you.' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the bewildered host, 'but might I ask whom you think you are addressing?' 'Addressing?' replied our hero. 'Why, my father's old friend, Mr. Thompson, to be sure. I've never had the pleasure of meeting you—I'm quite a stranger in town, but your note said four o'clock—a quiet family party—to come in morning dress. Though, I'm afraid, I've kept you waiting.' 'Not at all—not at all,' stammered the host; 'but the fact is, my name is Jones—not Thompson.' 'Good heavens!' cried Hook, 'what a fearful mistake! I've come to the wrong house! Please let me apologise most humbly, and take my leave.' 'On no account,' answered the hospitable Jones; 'your friend's table must be cleared by this time, and I shall feel myself much honoured if you will take a seat at mine.' After a little graceful resistance Hook allowed himself to be persuaded, and remained to dinner. That over, he was set down to the piano, where his songs and improvisations kept the whole party in a roar of laughter, till ten o'clock and the punctual Lintot arrived. Hook then burst into the triumphant finale:

I'm very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as good as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Lintot, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook.

Another actor, the great Charles Mathews, was his companion in an even bolder flight of fancy. Rowing back to Richmond at the end of an afternoon's fishing, their eye was caught by an ostentatious placard at the bottom of a garden—'No boats permitted to land here—all trespassers will be prosecuted.' Of course they immediately disembarked. Mathews proceeded to 'survey' the lawn with the aid of a walking-stick and a fishing-line, while Hook jotted down the results of his measurements in a book. Out came the owner, a London alderman, half frantic with rage. Hook listened to his objurgations with a firm but sympathetic countenance, and briefly explained that they were agents of the Canal Company, armed by Act of Parliament with large discretionary powers in the direction of compulsory purchase. The Alderman drew in his horns, and suggested adjournment to the house, where they could discuss the matter in a friendly spirit. Hook demurred. Duty, he said, was duty, however painful; but at last he yielded to the Alderman's entreaties, and was even prevailed on to remain to dinner. That meal over, Hook thought he ought not to leave the ladies in suspense as to the fate of their

garden. So he sat down to the piano, and explained the real state of affairs in an improvised song. Then—before the bewildered Alderman could collect his post-prandial wits—the two pseudo-surveyors had bowed themselves out, and were speeding back to Richmond in their boat.

But, perhaps, the most entirely typical of all Hook's jokes was the hoax he played on the doctor. Driving back from a party at some unholy hour in the morning, he found he had not a farthing in his pocket. Suddenly he remembered that in the same street as his own there lived a medical man, famous for his skill on interesting occasions. He stopped the cab at the doctor's house, jumped out, and knocked and rang with frantic energy. Presently a half-dressed figure appeared at the window. 'For heaven's sake, doctor, come at once,' panted our hero. 'My wife—prematurely—not a moment to be lost!' 'Directly,' answered the doctor, and soon emerged with all his paraphernalia under his arm. In a twinkling Hook bundled him into the cab, slammed the door, and bade the cabman drive as fast as he could to—the address of a prim old maiden lady against whom he happened to have a grievance.

Talents like these could not long remain hid under a bushel. His theatrical friends introduced him to Sheridan, and Sheridan mentioned his name to the Prince Regent. The First Gentleman in Europe could be generous to a jester, and decided after short experience of his powers that 'something must be done for Hook.' Accordingly in 1812 he was made Treasurer and Accountant-General of the Mauritius, with a salary of 2,000*l*. As an exercise of official humour, the appointment is equal to the best of Hook's own jokes; for he was only four-and-twenty at the time, and knew nothing whatever of finance, beyond—as he said himself—a certain practical acquaintance with the Credit side of tradesmen's ledgers. Moreover, the island had been taken from the French only two years before, and its departments were in utter disorder. But details of this kind were the last thing that troubled the new Treasurer's mind when he landed in the classic land of 'Paul et Virginie.' 'You have read enough of this island,' he wrote to his friend Mathews, 'not to imagine that we live in huts on the sea-coast, or that—like our gallant forefathers—we paint ourselves blue and vote pantaloons a prejudice. . . . This is, by heavens, a paradise, and not without angels. The women are all handsome—not so handsome as Englishwomen—all accomplished; their manners are extremely good, wit brilliant, and good nature

wonderful. The *οἱ πολλοί*, as we say at Oxford, are, if I may use the word, mindless—all blank—dance like devils, and better than any people; for, like all fools, they are fond of it, and the greater the fool, the better the dancer. . . . I daresay some of my fat-headed friends in the little island where the beef grows fancy that I am making my fortune. Fresh butter, my dear fellow, is ten shillings a pound; a coat costs thirty pounds in English money; a pair of gloves fifteen shillings; a bottle of the best claret tenpence, and pineapples a penny apiece. Thus you see that articles necessary to existence are exorbitant, while luxuries are dirt cheap; and a pretty life do we lead. Always up by gun-fire, five o'clock; breakfast at eight. Bathe and ride before breakfast; after breakfast lounge about. At one we have a regular meal, yclept a tiffin, hot meats, vegetables, &c.; and at this we generally sit through the heat of the day, drinking our wine and munching our fruit. At five the carriages come to the door, and we go to dress; this operation performed, we drive out to the raceground, and through the Champ de Mars—the Hyde Park here—till half-past six. Then we come into town, to dine at seven; where we remain till ten or eleven, and then join the French parties, as there is generally a ball somewhere or other every night; these things, blended with business, make out the day and evening!

'Blended with business' is a happy and sufficient description of Theodore's methods in his office. Never were Treasury books in such a state. He seems scarcely to have grasped the elementary distinction between paying money out and paying it in. If he received a draft from England, the chances were quite even whether he would put it to his credit or treat it as a debt; sometimes he entered the same sum twice over; often he forgot to put it down at all. As to the foreign currencies—francs, rupees, and dollars—with which his office had continually to deal, he understood as much about them as a late Chancellor of the Exchequer did of decimal fractions. The only thing to be said in his defence is that he managed his own private affairs in a spirit equally erratic. When his goods were sold by auction, the friend who bought his writing-table found a large roll of forgotten banknotes jammed at the back of one of the drawers. This is not quite on a par with the case of the famous Bursar of Balliol, who made a tattered sofa-cushion his cash-box; but Theodore runs Oxford pretty hard as 'a child in matters of finance.'

The inevitable crash came in 1818. One of Hook's clerks made an alarming statement to the Governor, and then committed suicide. An inquiry was ordered, and a large deficit came to light. Hook was arrested, and sent back to England in disgrace. But his spirits were not easily cast down. Running across a London friend at Capetown, who hoped that he was not returning on account of health, he answered that there was nothing serious amiss—only a little trouble in the chest. And when the ship touched at St. Helena, and he was taken up to Longwood, he observed that its illustrious exile ought to be called Fatty rather than Boney.

On his return Whitehall treated him with kindness tempered by procrastination. After four years spent in unravelling his accounts he was adjudged a debtor to the Crown for 12,000*l.*, and clapped into a spunging-house, where he taught the keeper's children to sing :

Let him hang with a curse—this atrocious, pernicious
Scoundrel who emptied the till at Mauritius.

After about eighteen months' imprisonment in all, he was set at liberty, though the claim of the Crown was never formally withdrawn. Hook, however, entirely ignored it, except that, when other people drank to the king, he drank to the health of 'my detaining creditor.'

Not but what the detaining creditor in question had good cause to be grateful to his debtor. In January 1820, George IV. ascended the throne ; whereupon his semi-divorced wife, Caroline of Brunswick, came back to England to assert her rights as Queen. A royal message was promptly sent to the Lords, bidding them investigate certain allegations against her character. In a moment she became the rallying-point of all the disaffection in the country, for the King had many enemies, and his reactionary Tory Ministers had more. Most of the aristocratic Whigs were with her, and the whole of the new Radical party, as well as that Great Heart of the People to which no claimant ever appeals in vain. It is true that the publication of the evidence somewhat damped the ardour of such as studied it, but the mass of the English public does not read the newspapers and hates the methods of the private detective ; the more prying lady's-maids and footmen the Court produced, the fiercer grew popular indignation. Besides, even those who believed most strongly in her

guilt could not deny that Caroline had spirit. 'The Queen,' wrote Sir Walter Scott, 'is making an awful bustle; and though by all accounts her conduct has been most abandoned and beastly, she has got the whole mob for her partisans, who call her Injured Innocence, and what not. She has courage enough to dare the worst, as well as a most decided desire to be revenged of *him*—which, by the way, is not to be wondered at. If she had as many followers of high as of low degree, and funds to equip them, I should not be surprised to see her fat carcass in a pair of buckskins and herself at the head of an army.'

As it was, there was plenty of rioting and breaking of windows in London, Edinburgh, and various large provincial towns, before the Tories made any attempt to stem the rising tide. But at last they determined to start a paper which should devote itself entirely to vilifying the Queen and her adherents, and Theodore Hook was established as its editor. In the autumn of 1820 it made its first appearance, under the title of 'John Bull.' Hook's plan of action was simplicity itself. In the first place, he brought all the terrors of print to bear on such of the Whig great ladies as dared to show themselves at Caroline's Court. 'It was one of his favourite maxims,' says Mr. Barham, 'that there exists some weak point, some secret cancer, in every family, the lightest touch on which is torture. Upon that hint he spake'—gross personalities that need not be repeated. Secondly, he dinned into the ears of respectable middle-class England that the husbands of the above great ladies, who championed the Queen's cause in public, would not allow their wives to visit her in private. Thirdly, on the principle of 'give me the making of a people's ballads,' he poured forth an incredible number of comic songs, well suited to the powers of tap-room vocalists, telling how Mrs. Muggins and her like went to pay their respects to their Queen.

Damsels of Marybone, decked out in articles
 Borrowed of brokers for shillings and pence; .
 The eye of vulgarity anything smart tickles,
 Sluts love a ride at another's expense.
 So swarming like loaches
 In ten hackney coaches
 They make their approaches
 And pull at the bell;
 And then they flaunt brave in,
 Preceded by Craven
 And smart and new-shaven
 Topographical Gell.

Verdant green-grocers, all mounted on jackasses
 (Lately named Guildfords, in honour of Fred),
 Sweet nymphs of Billingsgate, tipsy as Bacchuses,
 Rolled in like porpoises hand over head.
 A rout of sham sailors
 Escaped from their gaolers,
 And sea-bred as tailors
 From Shropshire or Wilts;
 Mark Oldi's smile and Hers
 Greeting, as Highlanders,
 Half a score Mile-Enders
 Shivering in kilts.

Objectionable as all this was, it was in no sense a new departure. Hook's sniggers at the failings of Queen Caroline were only paying back the Whigs in their own coin for jests, no less unholy, over the madness of King George III. But in those days you accused your neighbour of the Seven Deadly Sins merely for the sake of emphasis; to call attention to the fact that you differed from him on some matter of opinion—over a Latin quantity, for instance, or a Quarter Sessions' rate. Hook himself cannot have had any personal animus against Frederick, Lord Guildford, and it is doubtful whether he ever set eyes on the 'topographical' Sir William Gell, who spent most of his time under the shadow of Vesuvius among the excavations of Pompeii. Besides, some of Caroline's Sancho Panzas must have been tempting subjects enough—Alderman Wood, for instance, who posed as a Galahad from Guildhall; or that Prince of Parliamentary bores, Joseph Hume—the Hume who was always

... Taking the sense
 Of the House on a saving of thirteen pence—

a far-off ancestor of our modern Bang-went-saxpence, Peace-Retrenchment-and-Reform Scotch Members. Nor is it any reproach to their author that his flouts and gibes are unintelligible to-day. Friends and enemies are all agreed that, if ever a newspaper saved a man, 'John Bull' saved King George IV.; and Hook may well be content to see his leading articles lie buried in the ruins of the superstition they destroyed.

After the Queen's collapse 'John Bull' lost all real importance, though Hook continued to edit it till the end of his days. Indeed, the paper long survived him—transformed by a curious irony of fate into an exceedingly respectable High Church Conservative organ. Nature never intended him for a guide in public affairs. He had thought too little about them to

be anything but an *intransigent* of the instinctive, irresponsible, and (in the long run) wearisome kind; his were the politics of the cat, who knows and loves her accustomed corner by the fire, and is in no mind to change it, even for another corner still more snug. Men of this type do not defend established institutions because they think them reasonable; they defend them because they enjoy them, having some pleasant memory entwined with every one. Talk to Hook of railways, and he asked indignantly what was to become of the 'glories of the road.' Talk of emancipating the Catholics, and he asked what the Fifth of November would be, without its bonfires and the Pope in effigy. Talk of Parliamentary Reform, and he only prophesied the disappearance of good old-fashioned Elections *à la* Hogarth.

All the same, love of the *status quo* for the *status quo*'s own sake is not provocative of common-sense. Its enthusiasts grow old before their time; they become prophets of the past, big with dark mysterious hints of decadence, and much strident logic over their wine. They tilt with equal zest at each and every innovating windmill, without stopping to consider whether it is worth the tilting at or no. The smallest social new departure bulks as large on their horizon as the weightiest constitutional change. Hook himself was not more angry with Mr. Wilberforce for wishing to abolish the slave trade than he was with the dancing-masters of London for having introduced the waltz. Against it he employed an argument which has lately been made great use of by the enemies of women's education. 'The Waltz,' he said, 'has proved a bad speculation to the very dowagers who allow it to be committed; for, as can be proved by reference to fashionable parish registers, there have been fewer marriages in good society by one-half annually, upon the average, since the introduction of this irritating indecency into England.'

A good many of these eccentricities in 'John Bull' may be accounted for by the curious way the paper was produced. Now that he had become a personage, Hook was taken up by smart society, and spent a considerable part of the year visiting at country houses. Hither his editorial duties pursued him. While the other men were shooting or hunting, he had to scribble his leading articles as best he might. Regularly every Wednesday night, so soon as the others went to bed, he had to smuggle himself into a post-chaise, and drive half-way to London to meet his printer, so as to arrange for Saturday's issue. His business

done, he had to rush back to the house he was staying at in time for dinner on Thursday night—no easy feat before the hated railways had been invented, especially when his noble hosts expected him to be in high spirits at the end of it, and ready to take the entertainment of the whole company on to his shoulders. For no one knew better than Hook himself that he was only invited on the principle of *quid pro quo*. His pet aversions, the old ladies—‘gorgeous old fillets of veal upon castors, with diamond heads to the skewers’—never let him forget that his plebeian presence was an intrusion, only to be endured because their sons and daughters-in-law had the bad taste to find his jokes amusing. ‘The only difference,’ he said, ‘between diners-out and the common mountebanks of theatres is that the witling of the drawing-room wears not the merry-andrew’s jacket, and is paid in vol-au-vents, fricandeaus, Sillery and Lafitte, instead of receiving the wages of tumbling in pounds, shillings, and pence.’ He was more at home among friends of a somewhat homelier sort—James Smith, part-author of ‘Rejected Addresses,’ Barham of the ‘Ingoldsby Legends’ (whose son was his biographer), and that amazing poet, Thomas Haynes Bayly, author of ‘Oh no! we never mention her,’ ‘She wore a wreath of roses,’ and other

Tender effusions our aunts used to sing.

Not but what Hook could hold up his head among the graver lights of literature. ‘The first time I met him,’ records a contemporary, ‘was at a gay young bachelor’s villa at Highgate, where the other lion was of a very different breed—Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the “Ancient Mariner” proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything, unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith produced—the bowl was planted before the poet, and as he proceeded in his concoction Hook, unbidden, took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which has reference to the author of the “Lay Sermons” and the “Aids to Reflection.” The room was becoming excessively hot—the first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then, exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch and demolished another pane—the example was followed generally—the kind host was farthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was

drowned in Theodore's resumption of the song—and window and chandelier, the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer, had apt commemoration. In walking home with Mr. Coleridge, he entertained me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as great a genius as Dante—that was his example.'

It was this extraordinary power of improvisation—of evolving, so to speak, a Corney Grain entertainment on the spur of the moment out of every dinner-party he went to—that impressed Hook's contemporaries more than anything else. He had complete command of every kind of metre, and a wonderful facility for making puns in rhyme; witness the famous stanza extemporised on seeing an unwelcome visitor approaching his front door—

Here comes Mr. Winter, Collector of taxes;
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he axes.
You're down in his book—he won't stand no flummery,
And though his name's Winter, his presence is summary.

More studied was his reference to the burlesque duel between Tom Moore, the amatory poet, and Jeffrey, of the 'Edinburgh Review,' in which Moore's second is said to have supplied him with a blank cartridge.

When Anacreon would fight, as the poets have said,
A reverse he displayed in his vapour;
For while all his poems were loaded with lead,
His pistols were loaded with paper.
For excuses Anacreon old custom may thank—
Such a salvo he should not abuse,
For the cartridge, by rule, is always made blank
Which is fired away at Reviews.

And there is a very saturnalia of puns in the once famous 'Ballade of London Streets.'

In Orange Street Lemon vends porter and ale;
In Hart Street Jack Deer keeps a stable;
In Hill Street located you'll find Mr. Dale,
In Blue Anchor Row Mr. Cable.
In Paradise Row Mr. Adam sells figs;
Eve in Apple-tree Yard rooms has taken,
Mr. Coltman in Foley Street fits you with wigs;
In Hog Lane you call upon Bacon.
My jingles and rhymes I've now written down—
But if for their meaning you tease me,
That they really have none I must candidly own,
And silence will therefore best please me.

If not witty or curious, they'll answer, I ween,
 To get me 'asked out' by great ninnies,
 And out of the firm of some new magazine
 Procure me a couple of guineas.

So frank a confession may serve to appease those votaries of the New Humour who have taken Hook's own ironical advice, and

. . . . early learnt to shun
 That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun.

And certainly the sparkle has died out of most of his witticisms in verse, though perhaps its delicious ineptitude ought to preserve his 'Epigram on Mr. Milton, the Livery Stable Keeper':—

Two Miltons in separate ages were born,
 The cleverer Milton, 'tis clear, we have got.
 Though the other had talents the world to adorn,
This lives by his *mews*, which the other could not.

But some of his extempore flashes in prose reach a very much higher level. Everyone knows his epitaph on Lord de Ros, who died soon after his exposure for cheating at whist. 'Here lies John, —th Baron de Ros, in joyful expectation of the Last Trump.' Mr. Barham records a great reply to the pompous actor-manager, Abbott, who told him he was going to change the name of his theatre. 'Then call it the Abattoir,' said Hook, 'for you're sure to butcher everything you put on the stage.' Equally cruel, but well deserved, was his answer to one of the great lights of the 'Quarterly,' who mentioned that he was in the habit of reviewing books he had not read. 'In that case,' said Hook, 'you ought to be called a Hind-quarterly Reviewer.' Another time he was staying in the same house with an eminent professor much given to laying down the law on every conceivable subject. At last Hook could stand his omniscience no longer, and went off to his room with a volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' under his arm. That night at dinner he amazed the table by asking the professor if he took any interest in the Precession of the Equinoxes. 'The Precession of the Equinoxes, Mr. Hook?' answered the learned man; 'I was not aware that you had so much as heard of them.' 'Indeed I have,' replied Theodore; 'the most obvious of all the celestial motions is the diurnal revolution of the starry heavens,' &c., &c., and he reeled off as much of the 'Encyclopædia' article on astronomy as was enough

to reduce the professor to a state of bewildered and disgusted silence.

It is a pity that their humour has not managed to keep his novels alive—'Maxwell,' 'Gilbert Gurney,' and the rest of the thirty-eight volumes he turned out in less than sixteen years. The books had vogue enough in their day. Mr. Barham does not think it paradoxical to hint at a comparison with Dickens; the blaspheming Lockhart goes a step farther, and talks of Hook in the same breath with Jane Austen. But the novels are dead beyond recall. Could anyone but a Laureate of the Higher Locals name off-hand the heroine of 'Peregrine Bunce,' or say how, when, where, and why the Duchess doctored the macaroons? The truth is that the novels are alike too simple and too rich for the public of to-day—too rich, in the sense that Aléxis Soyer's cookery is too rich. Joke is piled on joke, and comic incident on comic incident, until, as Lockhart judiciously puts it, 'the imagination is smothered in the over-crowdings of an inebriated fancy.' Hook is too simple, because he sets down his emotions just as they come, without giving the slightest warning to his readers. If, as is most usual, he intends to be funny, he expects them to hold their sides; if the spirit moves him to denounce the Radicals, he denounces them with vigour; if the thought of his heroine moves him to pathos, he becomes immediately pathetic. It is this last-named quality that grates most painfully on modern nerves. Ordinary readers find it a bore; subtle psychologists begin to ask whether all this sentiment is genuine, or whether it comes, like the morning's penitential soda-water, after last night's debauch of jests.

The psychologists might have saved themselves the trouble: there was nothing maudlin about Theodore Hook. Apart from his jokes, he was a commonplace Englishman enough, whose higher feelings are as annoyingly conventional as they are undoubtedly sincere. A few sounding phrases about preferring the exquisite charm of the quiet repose of home to the splendour of feathers, finery, dress, and diamonds, represent the level of his achievements as a practical moralist. Much more touching are such homely extracts from his diary as—'To-day my dear mother's favourite dish, a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, which I have not had for many weeks, and enjoyed much.' As the years drew on, such extracts grew in number. More and more painfully Hook was beginning to feel that, as he said to the clergyman

who attended him in his last illness—' Well, you see me as I am, at last. All the paddings and bucklings, and washings and brushings are dropped for ever—a poor old grey-haired man, with my belly about my knees.' On August 24, 1841, he died, pitifully convinced of his own failure in life. He was wrong. At the worst, stern moralists could only describe him as being 'no man's enemy but his own.' As things really are, we have the warranty of Coleridge for holding him as great a genius as Dante.

IN A VICEREGAL CITY.

BY MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

It is the charm of association, rather than actual beauty, that attaches us to a city or a scene. Quebec, Chungking, and Edinburgh are alike beautifully situated, but were it not for the associations that cluster round Holyrood and the Castle and the Tolbooth, Princes Street might still be as fine a promenade, yet how infinitely less interesting ! Thus though Chentu, the capital of China's westernmost and largest province, is not endowed with the beauties of 'mountain and water' (mountain and water-landscape in Chinese) of the commercial centre, Chungking, yet its historical memories give it at once a sentimental value, only accentuated by its stately groves, its great flights of birds, the tense attitude of its officialdom since the advent of the present Viceroy, its population of artisan shopkeepers working late and early, together with its centuries-old, all-enchanting Chinese customs, each to us stranger than the other. Amongst all the many cities of China that I have visited, this is the first of which I could understand even a foreigner saying that he would by choice live there.

Situated on the well-irrigated plain that owes its riches to Li Ping, who some 200 years B.C. conceived the idea of cutting a way through a hill for the river of Ouansien, thus adapting the plateau for rice-growing, unknown there during the previous Chin Dynasty, Chentu is the centre of a rich agricultural population yearly reaping three crops of a greatly varied nature. Its walls can only be compared with those of Peking ; 27 feet high, 37 feet broad, so that twenty-five men can walk abreast on the top, they are unlike those at Peking in that they are not overgrown with grass and bushes and decayed by time, but kept in capital condition. Only interspersed with occasional guard-houses, they present an unbroken promenade save for the one interruption of the Manchu city sheltering crescent-wise under the wall beneath the west and north gates. There are but four gates or outlets to the world for all this crowded city full of three hundred thousand persons, and the consequent over-pressure at the east

gate, by which all direct communication is carried on with the great trading emporium of Chungking, and all boat communication *via* the Min river with the Yangtse, that great thoroughfare of China, is a thing to be seen rather than imagined. Never save in Peking in the old days was there surely anything like it.

The city, or rather settlement, where the Manchus live, is shut off by walls and gates from the rest of the city. It is a region of lofty trees, peopled at night by many birds, with a parade ground where the Manchu men do that one bit of service to the nation in return for which they and their families live as pensioners upon the Chinese nation, generation after generation. There Manchu women stand before their doors, each with a flower far projecting on one side of her head, be her age what it may, and in a long gown falling ungirt from the shoulders to the feet in straight lines, save when in winter a brazier is tied on underneath for warmth. Slatternly but highly rouged, the Manchu ladies can both walk and stand on their high-heeled clog-like shoes as well as their Chinese sisters of crippled feet—three inches seems to be not the minimum but the average foot-length in Chentu. Yet day after day and all day long they seem to find nothing better to do than to hang about outside their elegant entrance gates and gaze down the quiet roads, which are like English lanes with their overshadowing trees. There is a reserved, *farouche* air about them, and if addressed they quickly take refuge in the little gardens which they are said to keep tidy. But a more dispirited-looking set of hangers-on it would be difficult to discover than these Manchu pensioners, none of whom have been permitted for centuries to add to their pensions by trade or industry.

There is again another walled-off city in Chentu. Like the Forbidden City, or palace enclosure in Peking, there is here the Yellow City, sometimes called Liu Pei's city, where stood the palace of this remarkable man, who from being a poor lad selling straw sandals in the neighbourhood of Peking pushed right across China and established one of the celebrated Three Kingdoms in Szechuan, somewhere in the third century A.D. It is true he claimed to be a lineal descendant of the Han Emperors. Now row beyond row of cells occupies the ground for the use of candidates at the great examinations, at which, for example, in 1897 13,000 students went up, and there were but 96 places to be distributed. Thinking over these figures one begins to understand the gilded

characters over some of the more stately residences in Chentu, signifying that a man who has won his degree lives within. It is a relief to turn to the quiet streets off which stand these retired residences and to quit the intensely busy shopping streets, crowded from morning to night with an ever jostling crowd of carrying coolies each with two baskets dangling from either end of his pole; of horribly creaking wheelbarrows, on which sometimes bound-foot women are pushed along, not sitting on either side of it as in an Irish jaunting car after the fashion of the east of China, but flouting the street in the attitude a lady assumes on a lounging chair in her own drawing-room. Here are Mandarins looking through the glass windows of their sedans, pale-faced and grave-visaged but be-necklaced and be-feathered for all the big goggles through which they stare somewhat blankly, gaily liveried pursuivants clearing the way before and attendants on horseback bringing up the little procession; beggars clacking bits of wood to attract attention, their legs and arms showing sharp pointed beneath the one mat the poor creatures clutch round themselves, sometimes with the air of being proud of having even that.

The great centre of Chentu is, however, not the Yellow City, which in material fact holds that position, but the Viceregal Yamen and official residence, where, beside the arsenal and between the south and east gates, at this present reigns Tsên Chun-hsüan, aged only forty-three, but already one of the most dreaded Viceroy in China. He came here with the reputation that he would as soon cut off a man's head as look at him, and he has well kept up this character during the few months since his arrival. Heads have fallen in plenty, the province is terrorised, foreigners now wander through it unafraid, policemen innumerable with wands and uniforms keep order in the streets of Chentu. But no rain falls; in the belt of mountain land stretching east and west to the south of the city the people starve, and the Chinese *vox populi* says Heaven is displeased at so much bloodshed. This Viceroy is reckoned one of the most enlightened officials of China; he has contributed towards the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge in China, he is putting out a proclamation against footbinding, nowhere more general and more cruel than in this city, and he has ordered fifty thousand copies to be printed for his own distribution. He is about to open a Viceregal college employing European instructors, although this scheme may fall through, as he is once more enacting the old edict ordering all scholars to

do reverence before the tablet of Confucius. Already an immense military college is built, where Japanese officers are to train two hundred and fifty Chinese military Mandarins. A yet larger gymnasium for civilians, to be likewise under Japanese instructors, has also been built; Japanese officers have been procured to drill the army, and already from wall to wall and from Yamen to Yamen long-drawn melancholy trumpet notes wail out the difficulties of Chinese handsmen, struggling with European reveilles and tattoos. The Viceroy threatens to get the city cleaned out. He has already made it safe, and he found it almost in the hands of the Boxers, so slack had everything grown under the rule of the late Viceroy, an amiable Manchu, named Kuei. At the fires that have lately occurred, one a week, in the busiest parts of the city, the Viceroy himself has been out at night in an open sedan, so that he could see all round at once, enforcing order and keeping local careless officialdom up to the mark. It is sad to say that a young Englishman saw one of these sleepy ones, roused by an attentive servant as the Viceroy drew nigh, at once compose himself to sleep again as his chief passed on his rounds of inspection. By day the Viceroy was at the smoking ruins again, on horseback this time. A man caught stealing was at once beheaded, his head stuck in a cage on a pole, and there it still is.

Cages are put to all sorts of uses here; heads put into them are stuck up high, of course, so that everyone may see them. And one can know where they are by seeing men quickly pulling their ample sleeves over their mouths and noses as they glance upwards. Prisoners also are placed in cages, sometimes in such that they can neither lie nor sit. Cats are habitually carried about for sale in cages in a land where goats spring about muzzled and haystacks float down great rivers. Dogs also at the festive season of the Chinese New Year are carried about in cages, barking somewhat indignantly. When I travelled through the west of China in a particularly comfortable basket chair, on which one could on occasion sleep at ease, the little boys used to cry out: 'Look at the foreign woman in a cage!' And when some thieves drugged us by burning something and ransacked our bedroom while we slept, those same thieves were made to stand up in cages for days outside the door of our house, as a warning to others. Thus cages have many uses besides that of taking birds out for airings as we take our dogs.

But with all his hospitable reception of all the foreign men here

at a dinner in the foreign style, his encouraging answer to the united missionary greeting, and apparent general enlightenment, deep within him the Viceroy Tsén must have stuff we little understand. He is the son of that Tsén in whose Viceroyalty of Yunnan Margary was murdered. When the British Minister of those days was most determined to obtain fitting expiation for the cruelly treacherous murder of this most brilliant young Consular official, the Chinese Government risked everything, even to Sir Thomas Wade's leaving Peking in his indignation, rather than in any way consent to the incrimination of Tsén the Viceroy. Li Hung-chang spared no pains to propitiate, even to the sending of his own brother Li Han-chang on a mission to far-distant Yunnan to inquire into the matter, but he took care that Tsén also was on the commission of inquiry, thus invalidating it from the outset. Tsén came from Kwangsi, the province now so disordered, on one side at least connected with the aboriginal tribes of that province, whom he abandoned for the side of the Chinese Government, let us say of law and order, and thus assisted in quelling. He then rose to be Viceroy of Yunnan and Kweichow, and there suppressed the Mahommedan rebellion, bathing the country in bloodshed. After the fashion since followed in Blagovestschensk by Gribsky, Ataman of Cossacks, he ordered the old men, women, and children to be driven into the beautiful lake at Talifu, thus saving the trouble of beheading and burial; and when the Chinese General charged with the office remonstrated that such a deed was contrary to all moral principles, Tsén, the father, is said to have replied: 'You have nothing to do with moral principles, your business is with the penal code.' For some reason it is evident that the Chinese Government of that day was ready rather to risk a war with Great Britain than even to inquire into the complicity of this man in the murder of Margary, a complicity of which as the years have passed there has been increasing evidence, and for which murder in any case a Viceroy according to Chinese usage ought to be held responsible.

It is the son of this man who at the early age of forty-three has been appointed acting Viceroy of Szechuan, after having already held the office of Governor of Shansi. His wife, coming by the Yangtse river to join him here, died on the way up. His son has died also. Since his arrival here one of his concubines has died. These deaths preclude him from receiving visitors at the New Year according to Chinese custom, and he has

intimated to the officials that the Viceregal gates will be closed on New Year's Day. On the Eve, however, all were taking leave of him, and at least twenty uniforms of different shades of gaudy red and orange, only somewhat toned down by Chinese characters in black velvet, were to be counted in his outer courtyard with the same number of red official umbrellas.

But the Viceroy is further saddened by a possibly yet greater trouble. For four months no rain has fallen, and before that there was a shortage; 12,000 beggars are being retained in a lingering death in life by means of rice-soup kitchens outside the gates, but besides these a large working-class population is being reduced to destitution. The beggars do not work, they only paint themselves strange colours, and make unearthly noises and beg in various sad ways, sometimes crawling along the roadway without feet, sometimes an old white-haired crone proceeding slowly down the roadway on her knees, sometimes an aged man bent double under the weight of a crippled wife, round whose head fly scattered white hairs. The last crops were a failure; there is no promise of any crop at all in the spring among the mountains to the south. Even the well-irrigated Chentu plain has been reduced to somewhat acrid dust, and in the mountains beyond there is despair. The Viceroy is multiplying soldiers; he has cut off heads, even that of eighteen-year-old Miss Liao, daughter of a family of Literati, who had won the reputation of a Kwanyin Pusa, or Goddess of Mercy, amongst the Boxers of the neighbourhood, and when she was betrayed by treachery, for she was then living quietly in her own home, asked no mercy for herself, only that her young brother might be set at liberty. 'He is not guilty. I alone am responsible. I—I am the guilty one,' said the young girl, of whom report says that she was both beautiful and learned. Even the Viceroy shrank from beheading her, but a telegram to Peking received answer from the Empress Tse-hsi, the inexorable: 'The maid must die.' So she was beheaded, and only a few days afterwards the chief of the Boxer band was caught, and then the Viceroy said if he had but been caught a few days earlier the young girl's life might have been spared.

But all this, it may be said, is quite intelligible, quite in accordance with the nature of a European. So is it that the Viceroy has been praying for rain. He says with passion: 'I have prayed as much as I can and yet no rain comes.' He

has gone out by the north gate at least two miles from his Yamen by night, having the gate opened on purpose, as he alone of all men could, and proceeded to the celebrated Buddhist Temple some three miles further and there prayed in the early dawning. This also we can understand. For three weeks at one Christmas-time he ordered a fast so strict that no man could sell chickens or even eggs without having his ears slit off—it was really done; he even ordered the south gate to be closed, as is usual in times of great heat and drought.

But besides all this he set a soldier to stand on the wall by the north gate with one of the hand pumps used at fires, squirting up at the inexorable sky so as to pull down rain from Heaven. And yet no rain came. At this season no rain is expected here, but rather the crisp, dry, sunshiny weather we have been having, with the thermometer at thirty-five many mornings, rising up to fifty sometimes in the course of the day. Then the Viceroy gave up the fast for a time, reopened the south gate and waited. But before that people said he walked the streets—he, a Chinese Viceroy, who never walks—and in mourning garments, as a confession of sins. Then again he ordered a fast, once more ordered every man to stick a willow bough in water at his door, place a writing on black paper over his house, but, odder still, ordered every little group of houses to provide a pig and make it squeal to Heaven for rain, or those houses that were too poor to afford a real pig to get a paper pig and beat drums and sound horns, and so try to attract Heaven's ear. Now there are stranger stories still, that by the north gate by which rain, or at this season rather snow, should enter, a pig has been placed upon the wall and is by the Viceroy's orders singed every day, so that its cries may reach Heaven's ears, as indeed they well might; and another stranger story still is that at the temple outside the north gate, or in the close neighbourhood of that temple, in the Viceroy's presence a living pig was offered in sacrifice, kerosine being poured over it and then set alight. All these are old Chinese usages, but even Chinese shrug their shoulders at the Viceroy reviving them now. They do not so much mind the fast at Christmas-time, but they have been greatly annoyed by a fast being ordered again just before their New Year, the one fortnight of holidays into which a Chinese tries to cram all the delight of all our Bank holidays and Sundays united.

All shops are closed now, red paper with fine black letter

inscriptions hanging over every door, and pasted down the door posts; the shop signs are wrapped in red cloth, with gold and silver paper money hanging down over them. Everyone has got new paper lanterns outside the door and inside, some so pretty, and all smart people have got new paper windows beautifully painted. A bank I visited had sprays of blossom painted on all its paper panes, figures in dull rich colours on its lanterns, and landscapes in the finest Cantonese embroidery hanging on its walls, red curtains over the doors, and red hangings over the chairs. The effect was much more like the Alhambra than Lombard Street. But I have never seen anything quite so pretty on the stage. Everything has been washed that the people know how to wash, everything has been swept up. It has not been done since last year. All who can afford either to buy or hire them have got new clothes. Even the very poor are crowding the pawnshops, which alone are still open, getting their clothes out of pawn. The streets are strewn with the crackers fired to drive away the evil spirits, they are rosy also with great boughs of pink sweet-scented blossom. All the flower gardens outside the gates have hired the finest entrances in the principal streets, tempting the passer-by to hire for the New Year season with their little dwarfed and twisted trees covered with blossom, and large oblong-shaped pots in which are exquisitely arranged together mauve Chinese primroses, sweet-scented white narcissi, a dwarfed camellia in blossom in front of a dwarfed plum or peach burgeoning, the whole thrown into relief by dark red beetroot leaves and a fantastic bit of rock. The streets are full of masks, so are the passers' hands; every man wears a new cap, stiff paper wrapped on the top of his old one.

Even into the old-world streets, that date from before the time of Marco Polo, something of the New Year penetrates in the shape of red paper inscriptions on the retired gateways, that neither forbid entrance nor invite approach, withdrawn somewhat from the roadway, which is wide, with trees down either side, as noted by the observant Venetian, and antique stone basins brimful of water hard by in case of fire. We seem to hear the footfalls of the men of long ago, as we wander on past the great Confucian Temple shut in amongst a grove of magnificent trees. There are old-world bits and to spare inside Chentu city. Outside the east gate among the pretty pavilions of the garden by the river, where Mandarins go to drink wine and see each other off

by boat, there is a well, down which a woman patriot flung herself in the Tang Dynasty (sixth to ninth century A.D.). The opening is so narrow one shudders at the determination she must have exercised, nor wonders at the large stone tablet commemorating the deed. Behind a grove of fine old cypresses outside the south gate there is a hill, tree-covered, that marks the spot where Liu-peï's body lies, he of the Yellow City, he of the Three Kingdoms. There are ancestral halls, and temples with stately courtyards, and wonderful little gardens full of shrubs twisted out of all nature. 'It will take sixty years to perfect that one,' says a long-haired Taoist priest contemplating it with his head on one side, pondering perchance whether the turn of this twig, the truncating of that branch will meet the approval of posterity. Groves of bamboos, summer-houses built across running water, huge Nan-mu trees with their smooth stately trunks, wide-branching soap trees, spined with thorns all suggesting the long, hot, breathless days of a Szechuan summer, surround temples whose proportions and approaches charm rather than their details. Not but that the lacquer columns are often fine, the roof curves always magnificent. The soul feels at rest contemplating these last against the sky. And again and again one wonders what is to become of these interesting reliques of antiquity, these peaceful sanctuaries with their fine timbers both cut and uncut, if determined Europe and America succeed in converting this patient people from the errors of Buddhism, the incantations of superstition-bedraggled Taoism.

But the gates will be closing. We are not Viceroys to open them. In crowds the crows are cawing raucously on their way to their nests among the Manchu trees. We have not time to consider that lovely pale pink efflorescence of plum blossom among the lower trees, nor that field of sweet-scented narcissi, white and yellow, which you in England now call the Chinese Lily. With a sound as of a mighty organ pipe the innumerable pigeons swoop this way and that about the lofty walls before taking their last homeward flight, each with a cane, giving out a sound like an Æolian harp, tied under its tail feathers. Pretty green Yunnan parrots with red beaks are being taken in for the night from the perches outside the door, where they have sat all day. Mocking-birds, with little imitation tables in the middle of their cages, flowery eyebrowed thrushes, those that sing and those that fight and those that do both, are being covered up in Chinese blue cotton

nightcaps. It is time for all to seek the refuge of their homes, where the wind blows in at every crevice of both the floor and the ceiling, over the latter of which parade great droves of rats; where walls are replaced by lath and plaster screens that yet do not screen from the cold night air; where therefore everyone sits about as in bed in sheepskin waistcoats and heavily wadded and fur-lined overgowns, a symphony in green brocades sable-cuffed outside, or a harmony in dark purple and pale blue, not to speak of the other 'hundred lovely hues made solely to be seen.'

It is pleasant to think of a whole cityful given up to at least a fortnight's unmixed enjoyment—the better-class shops will not open for three weeks. But through it all the Viceroy mourns. And besides all his other cares, there is the Roman Catholic Bishop pressing for compensation for every cottage destroyed by Boxers, that belonged to a real or nominal Roman Catholic convert, insisting on himself assessing the damage, and the head of the American Mission doing likewise, the representatives of the various Syndicates complaining loudly of any evasion with regard to the various concessions they say were granted them, a Japanese Consul persistent, an English Consul ditto, a German and a French Consul on their way, and an English Consul-General arriving, each to keep a wary look-out on the others' claims against China, which is not yet a corpse, is yet a living country. 'But—but we are weak,' say Chinese officials, 'we dare not resent insolence.' So they get it. They certainly get it. For all the New Year's season there must be many painful moments in the Viceroy's Yamen, for Tsên is not a man to whom yielding can come natural. How he must wish foreigners were the Kweidze evil spirits that Chinese love to call them. Then they would be driven away by the burst of crackers. Pop! pop! pop! they go. Happy little boys setting them off! Surely nowhere is boy childhood happier than in China, unburdened by that great trouble of childhood in other lands, the keeping themselves clean. And yet so fine; red brocade gowns, long violet jackets over them, and possibly a green wadded jacket on the top! How warm and comfortable and easy!

It seems a pity ever to grow into a man in China, which came as it now is in the childhood of the world, and is only bothered by all these strange nations, that have come into life and grown up since then, premature wiseacres. People of pigtails and pagodas, with your childlike one-syllable talk, and your merry

monsters mouthing one-sidedly, why must you grow up and be men, under pain of ceasing to be? Why should not China remain the one living fairy-tale land peopled by dwarfs and gnomes and generally unreasonable beings, brandishing tricorner flags bigger than themselves as weapons of defence, and dressing up like tigers with stealthy step and spring to terrify the enemy? Why, oh why, must everything be modernised and Europeanised as with a whitewash?

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

I.—THE MYSTERY OF KASPAR HAUSER:
THE CHILD OF EUROPE.

THE story of Kaspar Hauser, a boy, apparently idiotic, who appeared, as if from the clouds, in Nuremberg (1828), divided Germany into hostile parties, and caused legal proceedings as late as 1883. Whence this lad came, and what his previous adventures had been, have never been ascertained. His death by a dagger-wound, in 1833—whether inflicted by his own hand or that of another—deepened the mystery. According to one view, the boy was only a waif and an impostor, who had strayed from some peasant home, where nobody desired his return. According to the other theory, he was the Crown Prince of Baden, stolen as an infant in the interests of a junior branch of the House, reduced to imbecility by systematic ill-treatment, turned loose on the world at the age of sixteen, and finally murdered, lest his secret origin might be discovered.

I state first the theory of the second party in the dispute, employing language as romantic as my vocabulary affords.

Darkness in Karlsruhe! 'Tis the high noon of night: October 15, 1812. Hark to the tread of the Twelve Hours as they pass on the palace clock, and join their comrades that have been! The vast corridors are still: in the shadows lurk two burly minions of ambitious crime, Burkard and Sauerbeck. Is that a white moving shadow which approaches through the gloom? There arises a shriek, a heavy body falls, 'tis a lacquey who has seen and recognised *The White Lady of the Grand Ducal House*, that walks before the deaths of Princes. Burkard and Sauerbeck spurn the inanimate body of the menial witness. The white figure, bearing in her arms a sleeping child, glides to the tapestried wall, and vanishes through it, into the chamber of the Crown Prince, a babe of fourteen days. She returns, carrying *another* unconscious infant form, she places it in the hands of the ruffian Sauerbeck, she disappears. The cloaked miscreant speeds through a secret postern into the park, you hear the trample of four horses, and the roll of a carriage on the road. Next day there is

silence in the palace, broken but by the shrieks of a bereaved though Royal (or at least Grand Ducal) mother. Her babe lies a corpse! The Crown Prince has died in the night! The path to the throne lies open to the offspring of the Countess Von Hochberg, morganatic wife of the reigning Prince, Karl Friedrich, and mother of the children of Ludwig Wilhelm August, his youngest son.

Sixteen years fleet by: years rich in Royal crimes. 'Tis four of a golden Whit Monday afternoon, in old Nuremberg, May 26, 1828. The town lies empty, dusty, silent; her merry people are rejoicing in the green wood, and among the suburban beer-gardens. One man alone, a shoemaker, stands by the door of his house in the Unschlitt Plas: around him lie the vacant streets of the sleeping city. His eyes rest on the form, risen as it were out of the earth or fallen from the skies, of a boy, strangely clad, speechless, incapable either of standing erect, or of moving his limbs. That boy is the Royal infant placed of yore by the White Shadow in the hands of the cloaked ruffian. Thus does the Crown Prince of Baden return from the darkness to the daylight! He names himself KASPAR HAUSER. He is to die by the dagger of a cruel courtier, or of a hireling English Earl.

Thus briefly, and, I trust, impressively, have I sketched the history of Kaspar Hauser, 'the Child of Europe,' as it was presented by various foreign pamphleteers, and, in 1892, by Miss Elizabeth E. Evans.¹ But, as for the 'authentic records' on which the partisans of Kaspar Hauser based their version, they are anonymous, unauthenticated, discredited by the results of a libel action in 1833; and, in short, are worthless and impudent rubbish.

On all sides, indeed, the evidence as to Kaspar Hauser is in bewildering confusion. In 1832, four years after his arrival, a book about him was published by Paul John Anselm Von Feuerbach. The man was mortal, had been a professor, and, though a legal reformer and a learned jurist, was 'a nervous invalid' when he wrote, and he soon after died of paralysis (or poison according to Kasparites). He was approaching a period of life in which British judges write books to prove that Bacon was Shakespeare, and his arguments were like theirs. His 'Kaspar Hauser' is composed in a violently injudicial style. 'To seek the giant perpetrator of such a crime' (as the injustice to Kaspar), 'it would

¹ *The Story of Kaspar Hauser from Authentic Records.* Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London, 1892.

be necessary . . . to be in possession of Joshua's ram's horns, or at least of Oberon's horn, in order, for some time at least, to suspend the activity of the powerful enchanted Colossi that guard the golden gates of certain castles,' that is, of the palace at Karlsruhe. Such early municipal records of Kaspar's first exploits as existed were ignored by Feuerbach, who told Lord Stanhope that any reader of these 'would conceive Kaspar to be an impostor.' 'They ought to be burned.' The records, which had been read and in part published, by the younger Meyer (son of one of Kaspar's tutors) and by President Karl Schmausz, have disappeared, and, in 1883, Schmausz could only attest the general accuracy of Meyer's excerpts.

Taking Feuerbach's romantic narrative of 1832, we find him averring that, about 4.30 P.M. on Whit Monday, May 26, 1828, a citizen, unnamed, was loitering at his door, in Unschlitt Plas, Nuremberg, intending to sally out by the New Gate, when he saw a young peasant, standing in an attitude suggestive of intoxication, and apparently suffering from locomotor ataxia, 'unable to govern fully the movements of his legs.' The citizen went to the boy, who showed him a letter directed to the captain of a cavalry regiment. The gallant captain lived near the New Gate (654 paces from the citizen's house), and thither the young peasant walked with the citizen. So he *could* 'govern fully the movements of his legs.' At the house, the captain being out, the boy said 'I would be a horseman as my father was,' also 'Don't know.' Later he was taken to the prison, up a steep hill, and the ascent to his room was one of over ninety steps. Thus he could certainly walk, and when he spoke of himself he said 'I' like other people. Later he took to speaking of himself as 'Kaspar,' in the manner of small children, and some hysterical patients under hypnotism. But this was an after-thought, for Kaspar's line now was that he had only been taught a few words, like a parrot, words which he used to express all senses indifferently. His eyesight, when he first appeared, seems to have been normal, at the prison he wrote his own name as 'Kaspar Hauser,' and covered a sheet of paper with writing. Later he could see best in the dark.

So says Feuerbach, in 1832. What he does not say is whence he got his information as to Kaspar's earliest exploits. Now our earliest evidence, on oath, before a magistrate, is dated November 4, 1829. George Weichmann, shoemaker (Feuerbach's anonymous 'citizen'), then swore that, on May 26, 1828, he saw Kaspar, not making paralysed efforts to walk, but trudging down a hilly street,

shouting 'Hi!' ('or any loud cry'), and presently asking, 'with tolerable distinctness,' 'New Gate Street?' He took the boy that way, and the boy gave him the letter for the captain. Weichmann said that they had better ask for him at the New Gate Guard House, and the boy said 'Guard House? Guard House? New Gate no doubt just built?' He said he came from Ratisbon, and was in Nuremberg for the first time, but clearly did not understand what Weichmann meant when he inquired as to the chances of war breaking out. In May 1834 Weichmann repeated his evidence as to Kaspar's power of talking and walking, and was corroborated by one Jacob Beck, not heard of in 1829. On December 20, 1829, Merk, the captain's servant, spoke to Kaspar's fatigue, 'he reeled as he walked,' and would answer no questions. In 1834 Merk expanded, and said 'we had a long chat.' Kaspar averred that he could read and write, and had crossed the frontier daily on his way to school. 'He did not know where he came from.' Certainly Merk, in 1834, remembered much more than in 1829. Whether he suppressed facts in 1829, or, in 1834, invented fables, we do not know. The cavalry captain (November 2, 1829) remembered several intelligent remarks made by Kaspar. His dress was new and clean (denied by Feuerbach), he was tired and footsore. The evidence of the police taken in 1834 was remote in time, but went to prove that Kaspar's eyesight and power of writing were normal. Feuerbach absolutely discredits all the sworn evidence of 1829, without giving his own sources. The evidence shows that Kaspar could both walk and talk, and see normally, by artificial and natural light, all of which is absolutely inconsistent with Kaspar's later account of himself.

The personal property of Kaspar was a horn rosary, and several Catholic tracts with prayers to the Guardian Angel, and so forth. Feuerbach holds that these were furnished by 'devout villains'—a very sound Protestant was Feuerbach—and that Kaspar was ignorant of the being of a Deity, at all events of a Protestant Deity. The letter carried by the boy said that the writer first took charge of him, as an infant, in 1812, and had never let him 'take a single step out of my house. . . . I have already taught him to read and write, *and he writes my handwriting exactly as I do.*' In the same hand was a letter in Latin characters, purporting to come from Kaspar's mother, 'a poor girl,' as the author of the German letter was 'a poor day-labourer.' Humbug as I take

Kaspar to have been, I am not sure that he wrote these pieces. If not, somebody else was in the affair; somebody who wanted to get rid of Kaspar. As that youth was an useless, false, convulsionary, and hysterical patient, no one was likely to want to keep him, if he could do better. No specified reward was offered at the time, for information about Kaspar; no portrait of him was then published and circulated. The Burgomaster, Binder, had a portrait, and a fac-simile of Kaspar's signature engraved, but Feuerbach would not allow it to be circulated, heaven knows why.

How Kaspar fell, as it were from the clouds, and unseen, into the middle of Nuremberg, even on a holiday when almost every one was out of town, is certainly a puzzle. The earliest witnesses took him for a journeyman tailor lad (he was about sixteen), and perhaps nobody paid any attention to a dusty travelling tradesman, or groom out of place. Feuerbach (who did not see Kaspar till July) says that his feet were covered with blisters, the gaoler says that they were merely swollen by the tightness of his boots.

Once in prison, Kaspar, who asked to be taken home, adopted the rôle of 'a semi-unconscious animal,' playing with toy horses, 'blind though he saw,' yet, not long after, he wrote a minute account of all that he had observed. He could only eat bread and water: meat made him shudder, and Lord Stanhope says that this peculiarity did occur in the cases of some peasant soldiers. He had no sense of hearing, which means, perhaps, that he did not think of pretending to be amazed by the sound of church bells till he had been in prison for some days. Till then he had been deaf to their noise. This is Feuerbach's story, but we shall see that it is contradicted by Kaspar himself, in writing. Thus the alleged facts may be explained without recourse even to a theory of intermittent deafness. Kaspar was no more deaf than blind. He 'was all there,' and though, ten days after his arrival, he denied that he had ever seen Weichmann, in ten days more his memory for faces was deemed extraordinary, and he minutely described all that, on May 26 and later, he had observed. Kaspar was taught to write by the gaoler's little boy, though he could write when he came—in the same hand as the author of his mysterious letter. Though he had but half a dozen words on May 26, according to Feuerbach, by July 7 he had furnished Binder with his history—pretty quick work! Later in 1828 he was able to write that history himself. In 1829 he completed a work of autobiography.

Kaspar, he wrote, till the age of sixteen was kept in 'a prison,' 'perhaps six or seven feet long, four broad, and five high.' There were two small windows, with closed black wooden shutters. He lay on straw, lived on bread and water, and played with toy horses, and blue and red ribbons. That he could see colours in total darkness is a proof of his inconsistent fables, or of his 'hyperæsthesia'—abnormal acuteness of the senses. 'The man' who kept him was not less hyperæsthetic, for he taught Kaspar to write in the dark. He never heard any noise, but avers that, in prison, he was alarmed by the town clock striking, on the first morning, though Feuerbach says that he did not hear the bells for several days.

Such is Kaspar's written account (1829); the published account of July 1828, derived from 'the expressions of a half dumb animal' (as Feuerbach puts it), is much more prolix and minute in detail. The animal said that he had sat on the ground, and never seen daylight, till he came to Nuremberg. He used to be hounded with water of an evil taste, and wake in a clean shirt. 'The man' once hit him and hurt him, for making too much noise. The man taught him his letters and the Arabic numerals. Later he gave him instructions in the art of standing. Next he took him out, and taught him about nine words. He was made by the man to walk he knew not how far, or how long, the man leading him. Nobody saw this extraordinary pair on the march. Feuerbach who maintains that Kaspar's feet were covered with cruel blisters, from walking, also supposes that 'perhaps for the greater part of the way' he was carried in a carriage or waggon! Whence then the cruel blisters caused by walking? There is medical evidence that his legs were distorted by confinement, but the medical *post mortem* evidence says that this was not the case. He told Binder that his windows were shuttered: he told Hiltel, the gaoler, that from his windows he saw 'a pile of wood and above it the top of a tree.'

Obviously Kaspar's legends about himself, whether spoken in June 1828, or written in February 1829, are absurdly false. He was for three weeks in the tower, and was eternally visited by the curious. Yet in these three weeks the half conscious animal 'learned to read tolerably well, to count, to write figures' (*that* he could do when he arrived, Feuerbach says), 'he made progress in writing a good hand, and learned a simple tune on the harpsichord,' pretty well for a half unconscious animal.

In July 1828, after being adopted by the excited town of

Nuremberg, he was sent to be educated and live with a school-master named Daumer, and was studied by Feuerbach. They found, in Kaspar, a splendid example of the 'sensitive,' and a noble proof of the powers of 'animal magnetism.' In Germany, at this time, much was talked and written about 'somnambulism' (the hypnotic state), and about a kind of 'animal magnetism' which, in accordance with Mesmer's theory, was supposed to pass between stars, metals, magnets, and human beings. The effects produced on the patient by the hypnotist (now ascribed to 'suggestion') were attributed to a 'magnetic efflux,' and Reichenbach's subjects saw strange currents flowing from metals and magnets. His experiments have never, perhaps, been successfully repeated, though hysterical persons have pretended to feel the traditional effects, even when non-magnetic objects were pointed at them. Now Kaspar was really a 'sensitive,' or pretended to be one with hysterical cunning. Anything unusual would throw him into convulsions, or reduce him to unconsciousness. He was addicted to the tears of sensibility. Years later Meyer read to him an account of the Noachian Deluge, and he wept bitterly. Meyer thought this rather too much, the Deluge being so remote an event, and, after that, though Meyer read pathetic things in his best manner, Kaspar remained unmoved. He wrote a long account of his remarkable magnetic sensations during and before the first thunderstorm after his arrival at Nuremberg. Yet, before his appearance there, he must have heard plenty of thunderstorms, though he pretended that this was his first. The sight of the moon produced in him 'emotions of horror.' He had visions, like the Rev. Ansel Bourne, later to be described, of a beautiful male figure in a white garment, who gave him a garland. He was taken to a 'somnambulist,' and felt 'magnetic' pulls and pushes, and a strong current of air. Indeed the tutor, Daumer, shared these sensations, obviously by virtue of 'suggestion.' They are out of fashion, the doctrine of animal magnetism being as good as exploded, and nobody feels pulled or pushed or blown upon, when he consults Mrs. Piper or any other 'medium.'

From a letter of Feuerbach of September 20, 1828, we learn that Kaspar, '*without being an albino*,' can see as well in utter darkness as in daylight. Perhaps the man who taught Kaspar to write, in the dark, *was* an albino: Kaspar never saw his face. Kaspar's powers of vision abated, as he took to beef, but he remained hyperæsthetic, and could see better in a bad light than Daumer or Feuerbach. Some 'dowsers,' we know, can detect

subterranean water, by the sensations of their hands, without using a twig, or divining rod, and others can 'spot' gold hidden under the carpet, with the twig. Kaspar, merely with the bare hand, detected (without touching it?) a needle under a table cloth. He gradually lost these gifts, and the theory seems to have been that they were the result of his imprisonment in the dark, and a proof of it. The one thing certain is that Kaspar had the sensitive or 'mediumistic' temperament, which usually—though not always—is accompanied by hysteria, while hysteria means cunning and fraud, whether conscious or not so conscious. Meanwhile the boy was in the hands of men credulous, curious, and, in the case of Daumer, capable of odd sensations induced by suggestion. From such a boy, in such company, the truth could not be expected, above all if, like some other persons of his class, he was subject to 'dissociation' and obliviousness as to his own past.

Rather curiously we find in Feuerbach's own published collection of Trials the case of a boy, Sörgel, who had 'paroxysms of second consciousness . . . of which he was ignorant upon returning to his ordinary state of consciousness.' We have also the famous case of the atheistic carpenter, Ansel Bourne, who was struck deaf, dumb, and blind, and miraculously healed, in a dissenting chapel, to the great comfort of 'a large and warm congregation.' Mr. Bourne then became a preacher, but later forgot who he was, strolled to a distant part of the States, called himself Browne, set up a 'notions store,' and, one day, awoke among his notions to the consciousness that he was Bourne, not Browne, a preacher, not a dealer in cheap futilities. Bourne was examined, under hypnotism, by Professor William James and others.¹

Many such instances of 'ambulatory automatism' are given. In my view, Kaspar was, to put it mildly, an ambulatory automaton, who had strayed away, like the Rev. Mr. Bourne, from some place where nobody desired his return: rather his lifelong absence was an object of hope. The longer Kaspar lived, the more frequently was he detected in every sort of imposture that could make him notorious, or enable him to shirk work.

Kaspar had for months been the pet mystery of Nuremberg. People were sure that, like the mysterious prisoner of Pignerol, Les Exiles, and the Isle Sainte-Marguerite (1669-1703?), Kaspar was some great one, 'kept out of his own.' Now the prisoner of Pignerol was really a valet, and Kaspar was a peasant. Some thought him a son of Napoleon: others averred (as we saw) that

¹ *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, vol. vii. pp. 221-257.

he was the infant son of the Grand Duke Karl of Baden, born in 1812, who had not died within a fortnight of his birth, but been spirited away by a lady disguised as the spectral 'White Lady of Baden,' an aristocratic *ban-shie*. The subtle conspirators had bred the Grand Ducal Kaspar in a dark den, the theory ran, hoping that he would prove, by virtue of such education, an acceptable recruit for the Bavarian cavalry, and that no questions would be asked. Unluckily questions were now being asked, for a boy who could only occasionally see and hear was not (though he could smell a cemetery at a distance of five hundred yards) an useful man on a patrol, at least the military authorities thought not. Had they known that Kaspar could see in the dark, they might have kept him as a guide in night attacks, but they did not know. The promising young hussar (he rode well but clumsily) was thus left in the hands of civilians: the Grand Ducal secret might be discovered, so an assassin was sent to take off the young prince.

The wonder was not unnaturally expressed that Kaspar had not smelled out the villain, especially as he was probably the educational albino, who taught him to write in the dark. On hearing of this, later, Kaspar told Lord Stanhope that he *had* smelled the man: however, he did not mention this at the time. To make a long story short, on October 17, 1829, Kaspar did not come to midday eating, but was found weltering in his gore, in the cellar of Daumer's house. Being offered refreshment in a cup, he bit out a piece of the porcelain and swallowed it. He had 'an inconsiderable wound' on the forehead; to that extent the assassin had effected his purpose. Feuerbach thinks that the murderer had made a shot at Kaspar's throat with a razor, that Kaspar ducked cleverly, and got it on the brow, and that the assassin believed his crime to be consummated, and fled, after uttering words in which Kaspar recognised the voice of his tutor, the possible albino. No albino or other suspicious character was observed. Herr Daumer, before this cruel outrage, had remarked, in Kaspar, 'a highly regrettable tendency to dissimulation and untruthfulness,' and, just before the attack, had told the pupil that he was a humbug. Lord Stanhope quoted a paper of Daumer's in the 'Universal Gazette' of February 6, 1834 ('Allgemeine Zeitung'), in which he says that 'lying and deceit were become to Kaspar a second nature.' When did they begin to become a second nature? In any case Daumer clove to the romantic theory of Kaspar's origin. Kaspar left Daumer's house

and stayed with various good people, being accompanied by a policeman in his walks. He was sent to school, and Feuerbach bitterly complains that he was compelled to study the Latin grammar, 'and finally even Cæsar's Commentaries!' Like other boys, Kaspar protested that he 'did not see the use of Latin,' and indeed many of our modern authors too obviously share Kaspar's indifference to the dead languages. He laughed, in 1831, says Feuerbach, at the popish superstition 'of his early attendants' (we only hear of one, and about *his* theological predilections we learn nothing), and he also laughed at ghosts. In his new homes Kaspar lied terribly, was angry when detected, and wounded himself—he said accidentally—with a pistol, after being reproached for shirking the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, and for mendacity. He was very vain, very agreeable as long as no one found fault with him, very lazy, and very sentimental.

In May 1831 Lord Stanhope, who, since the attack on Kaspar in 1829, had been curious about him, came to Nuremberg, and 'took up' the hero, with fantastic fondness. Though he recognised Kaspar's mythopœic tendencies, he believed him to be the victim of some nefarious criminals, and offered a reward of 500 florins, anonymously, for information. It never was claimed.

Already had arisen a new theory, that Kaspar was the son of an Hungarian magnate. Later, Lord Stanhope averred, on oath, that inquiries made in Hungary proved Kaspar to be an impostor. In 1830, a man named Müller, who had been a Protestant preacher, and was now a Catholic priest, denounced a preacher named Wirth, and a Miss Dalbott, a governess, as kidnappers of Kaspar from the family of a Countess, living near Pesth. Müller was exposed, his motives were revealed, and the newspapers told the story. Kaspar was therefore tried with Hungarian words, and seemed to recognise some, especially Posonbya (Pressburg). He thought that some one had said that his father was at Pressburg: and thither Lord Stanhope sent him, with Lieutenant Hickel. This was in 1831, but Kaspar recognised nothing: his companions, however, found that he pretended to be asleep in the carriage, to hear what was said about him. They ceased to speak of him, and Kaspar ceased to slumber. A later expedition into Hungary, by Hickel, in February 1832, on the strength of more Hungarian excitement on Kaspar's part, discovered that there was nothing to discover, and shook the credulity of Lord Stanhope. He could not believe Kaspar's narrative, but still hoped that he

had been terrorised into falsehood. He could not believe both that the albino had never spoken to Kaspar in his prison, and also that 'the man always taught me to do what I was told.' To Lord Stanhope Kaspar averred that 'the man with whom he had always lived said nothing to him till he was on his journey.' Yet, during his imprisonment, the man had taught him, he declared, the phrases which, by his account, were all the words that he knew when he arrived at Nuremberg.

For these and other obvious reasons, Lord Stanhope, though he had relieved Nuremberg of Kaspar (November 1831), and made ample provision for him, was deeply sceptical about his narrative. The town of Nuremberg had already tried to shift the load of Kaspar on to the shoulders of the Bavarian Government. Lord Stanhope did not adopt him, but undertook to pay for his maintenance, and left him, in January 1832, under the charge of a Dr. Meyer, at Anspach. He had a curator, and a guardian, and escaped from the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar into the genial society of Feuerbach. That jurist died in May 1833 (poisoned, say the Kasparites), a new guardian was appointed, and Kaspar lived with Dr. Meyer. Finding him incurably untruthful, the doctor ceased to provoke him by comments on his inaccuracies, and Kaspar got a small clerkly place. With this he was much dissatisfied, for he, like Feuerbach, had expected Lord Stanhope to take him to England. Feuerbach, in the dedication to Lord Stanhope of his book (1832), writes 'Beyond the sea, in fair old England, you have prepared for him a secure retreat, until the rising sun of Truth shall have dispersed the darkness which still hangs over his mysterious fate.' If Lord Stanhope ever made this promise, his growing scepticism about Kaspar prevented him from fulfilling it. On December 9, 1833, Meyer was much provoked by Kaspar's inveterate falseness and said that he did not know how to face Lord Stanhope, who was expected to visit Anspach at Christmas. For some weeks Kaspar had been sulky, and there had been questions about a journal which he was supposed to keep, but would not show. He was now especially resentful. On two earlier occasions, after a scene with his tutor, Kaspar had been injured, once by the assassin who cut his forehead; once by a pistol accident. On December 14, he rushed into Dr. Meyer's room, pointed to his side, and led Meyer to a place distant about five hundred yards from his house. So agitated was he that Meyer would go no further, especially as Kaspar would answer no questions. On their return, Kaspar

said, 'Went Court Garden—Man—had a knife—gave a bag—struck—I ran as I could—bag must lie there.' Kaspar was found to have a narrow wound, 'two inches and a half under the centre of the left breast,' clearly caused by a very sharp double-edged weapon. In three or four days he died, the heart had been injured. He was able to depose, but not on oath, that on the morning of the 14th a man in a blouse (who had addressed him some days earlier) brought him a verbal message from the Court gardener, asking him to come and view some clay from a newly bored well, where, in fact, no work was being done at this time. He found no one at the well, and went to the monument of the rather forgotten poet, Uz. Here a man came forward, gave him a bag, stabbed him, and fled. Of the man he gave discrepant descriptions. He became incoherent, and died.

There was snow lying, when Kaspar was stabbed, but there were no footmarks near the well, and elsewhere, only one man's track in the Hofgarten. Was that track Kaspar's? We are not told. No knife was found. Kaspar was left-handed, and Dr. Horlacher declared that the blow must have been dealt by a left-handed man. Lord Stanhope suggested that Kaspar himself had inflicted the wound by pressure, and that, after he had squeezed the point of the knife through his wadded coat, it had penetrated much deeper than he had intended, a very probable hypothesis.

As for the bag which the assassin gave him, it was found, and Dr. Meyer said that it was very like a bag which he had seen in Kaspar's possession. It contained a note, folded, said Madame Meyer, as Kaspar folded his own notes. The writing was in pencil, in *Spiegelschrift*, that is, it had to be read in a mirror. Kaspar, on his deathbed, kept muttering incoherences about 'what is written with lead, no one can read.' The note contained vague phrases about coming from the Bavarian frontier.

After Kaspar's death, the question of 'murder or suicide?' agitated Germany, and gave birth to a long succession of pamphlets. A wild woman, Countess Albersdorf ('née Lady Graham,' says Miss Evans, who later calls her 'Lady Caroline Albersdorf'), saw visions, dreamed dreams, and published nonsense. Other pamphlets came out, directed against the House of Baden. In 1870 an anonymous French pamphleteer offered the Baden romance, as from the papers of a Major von Hennenhofer, the villain in chief of the White Lady plot. Lord Stanhope was named as the ringleader in the attacks on Kaspar, both at Nurem-

berg and Anspach. In 1883 all the fables were revived in a pamphlet produced at Ratisbon, a mere hash of the libels of 1834, 1839, 1840, and 1870. Dr. Meyer was especially attacked, his sons defended his reputation by an action for libel on the dead, an action which German law permits. There was no defence, and the publisher was fined, and ordered to destroy all the copies. In 1892 the libels were repeated, by 'Baron Alexander von Artin': two documents of a palpably fraudulent character were added, the rest was the old stuff. The reader may find it in Miss Evans's 'Kaspar Hauser' (1892). For example, Daumer knew a great deal. He even, in 1833, received an anonymous letter from Anspach containing the following statement: 'Lord Daniel Alban Durteal, advocate of the Royal Court in London, said to me, "I am firmly convinced that Kaspar Hauser was murdered. It was all done by bribery. Stanhope has no money, and lives by this affair."' Daumer and Miss Evans appear to have seen nothing odd in relying on an anonymous letter about Lord Daniel Alban Durteal!

Lord Stanhope, says Miss Evans, 'was known to have subsisted principally upon the sale of his German hymnbook, and other devotional works, for which he was a colporteur.' Weary of piety, Lord Stanhope became a hired assassin. Perhaps this nonsense still has its believers, seduced by 'Lady Caroline Albersdorf, *née* Lady Graham,' by Lord Daniel Alban Durteal, and by the spirit of Kaspar himself, who, summoned by Daniel Dunglas Home, at a *séance* with the Empress Eugénie, apparently, announced himself as Prince of Baden. No authority for this interesting ghost of one who disbelieved in ghosts is given.

It is quite possible that Kaspar Hauser no more knew who he was, than the valet of 1669-1703 knew why he was a prisoner, no more than Mr. Browne, when a dealer in 'notions,' knew that he was Mr. Bourne, a dissenting preacher. Nothing is certain, except that Kaspar was an hysterical humbug, whom people of sense suspected from the first, and whom believers in animal magnetism and homœopathy accepted as some great one, educated by his Royal enemies in total darkness—to fit him for the military profession.

It is difficult, of course, to account for the impossibility of finding whence Kaspar had come to Nuremberg. But, in 1887, it proved just as impossible to discover whither the Rev. Ansel Bourne had gone. Mr. Bourne's lot was cast, not in the sleepy Royalist Bavaria of 1828, but in the midst of the admired 'hustle' of the great Western Republic. He was one of the most

remarkable men in the country, not a yokel of sixteen. He was last seen at his nephew's Store, 121 Broad Street, Providence, R.I., on January 17. On January 20, the hue and cry arose in the able and energetic press of his State. Mr. Bourne, as a travelling evangelist, was widely known, but, after a fortnight unaccounted for, he arrived, as A. J. Browne, at Norristown, Pa., sold notions there, and held forth with acceptance at religious meetings. On March 14 he awoke, still undiscovered, and wondered where he was. He remembered nothing since January 17, so he wired to Providence, R.I., for information. He had a whole fortnight to account for, between his departure from Providence, R.I., and his arrival at Norristown, Pa. Nobody could help him, he had apparently walked invisible, like Kaspar on his way to Nuremberg. He was hypnotised by Professor William James, and brought into his Browne condition, but could give practically no verifiable account of Browne's behaviour in that missing fortnight. He said that he went from Providence to Pawtucket, and was for some days at Philadelphia, Pa., where he really seems to have been; as to the rest 'back of that it was mixed up.' We do not hear that Kaspar was ever hypnotised and questioned, but probably he also would have been 'mixed up,' like Mr. Bourne.

The fable about a Prince of Baden had not a single shred of evidence in its favour. It is true that the Grand Duchess was too ill to be permitted to see her dead baby, in 1812, but the baby's father, grandmother, and aunt, with the ten Court physicians, the nurses and others must have seen it, in death, and it is too absurd to suppose, on no authority, that they were all parties to the White Lady's plot. We might as well believe, as Miss Evans seems to do, on the authority of an unnamed Paris newspaper, that a Latin letter, complaining of imprisonment, was picked up in the Rhine, signed 'S. Haues Spraucio,' that the words ought to be read 'Hares Sprauka,' and that the words are an anagram of Kaspar Hauser. This occurred in 1816, when Kaspar, being about four years of age, could not write Latin. No one in the secret could have hoped that the Royal infant and captive would be recognised under the name of Spraucio or even of Sprauka. Abject credulity, love of mystery, love of scandal, and political passions, produced the ludicrous mass of fables to which, as late as 1893, the Duchess of Cleveland thought it advisable to reply. In England it is quite safe to accuse a dead man of murder, or of what you please, as far as the Duchess understood the law of libel, so she had no legal remedy.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY PHILOSOPHER.

It was once the prerogative of the mediocre, occasionally extended to the great, to be disinterred—to live and die unheeded and in the end to come into a posthumous glory by the aid of some meticulous critic or fervent antiquary. Sometimes the dead have withstood in safety the process of exhumation, and have survived with greater honour in the memory of mankind; but more often than not the reanimation has been merely momentary, and the fame thus artificially created evanescent. Of late it has been seldom indeed that a really great philosopher has needed such rediscovery, or has in life utterly failed of any recognition at all. Publicity is nowadays so assiduously courted by the undeserving, and so persistently thrust upon the meritorious, that neither the one nor the other class usually lacks an audience of some sort. All the more startling is it, therefore, to find that a great genius of the Victorian era not merely was despised and neglected but has even passed into a contemptuous by-word. The name of Harris, 'famous, infamous,' has become a proverb for mythical authority, and Sarah Gamp's persistent assertion of intimacy with a great thinker bearing that name is regarded as a false and vainglorious personal reduplication.

This widespread but utterly erroneous view it is our proud claim to refute. Mrs. Harris, we hope to show, was a real personage, endowed with remarkable natural gifts, and the foundress of a school of philosophy which advocated doctrines of a deep and original truth.

Such then is the purpose of this article. Let us premise at once, what few will combat, that the sole source for the writings and doctrine of Mrs. Harris is avowedly Harrisophobe. Mr. Dickens, in his interesting memoir of Martin Chuzzlewit, junior (a biography marked by considerable acumen and dramatic force, though here and there unduly sentimental), not unnaturally, in view of Mrs. Harris's wide influence, found it necessary to touch on her life and philosophy. His prejudice is unconcealed from the very first. He openly gives credence to, and practically

supports, the view that Mrs. Harris never existed. He speaks of it favourably as 'a prevalent opinion.' 'A fearful mystery surrounded this lady (i.e. Mrs. Harris). . . . The prevalent opinion was that she was a phantom of Mrs. Gamp's brain . . . created for the express purpose of holding visionary dialogues with her on all manner of subjects, and invariably winding up with a compliment to the excellence of her nature.'¹ In fact, he loses no opportunity of furthering this detestable and destructive theory.

Whence Mr. Dickens actually derived the fragments he frequently quotes from the Harris *corpus philosophiæ* is uncertain. There seems however to be no doubt that no original Harris MSS. whatever are now extant, and further, that in her lifetime the philosopher published nothing. It is this lamentable lack of authoritative texts, this trustful confidence (alas, too pitifully misplaced!) in the pious integrity of devoted followers, which has led to the promulgation of the audaciously subversive heresy alluded to above. But the heresy itself must be left until the meagre evidence has been conscientiously sifted. Let us only, now that the reader is on his guard against biased versions, sketch in outline the reconstruction which it is hoped to establish, taking it for granted, for the present, that Mrs. Harris did exist and was an original and profound philosopher.

It was felt, alike by Mrs. Harris and by her more far-seeing followers, that her system needed for its promotion an authoritative and quasi-infallible head, in whom the arcana of tradition might be supposed to rest. Before she was called away, therefore, from what (no doubt in some technical sense) she styled 'this Piljian's Progress of a mortal wale,' the great philosopher transferred the presidency over her doctrines to her favourite pupil, Sarah Gamp. The position of the latter was, however, almost immediately challenged by another prominent disciple, of the name of Prig, who finally, as it appears from Mr. Dickens's book, went to the extreme length of herself formulating the separatist theory. Elizabeth Prig and Sarah Gamp quarrelled bitterly, as great scholars and great philosophers sometimes do, and the school was henceforth split into two branches—the old, conservative, and more truly Harrisian believers under the leadership of Gamp, and the Chorizontes headed by Prig.

And now for the evidence. First of all, what facts, true or

¹ C. Dickens, *op. cit.* vol. i. ch. 25, p. 423 (London, 2 vols. 1879. Reference is made to this edition throughout).

legendary, can we gather about the personal character and position of Harris, Gamp, and Prig?

Mrs. Harris seems to have belonged to a respectable middle-class family. Her father was employed in the Excise department of the Civil Service, and, as appears from the fact that Mrs. Gamp was not infrequently needed to minister to him, was subject to fits of an unusually violent nature. In spite of this disability, however, he seems to have cultivated the social amenities successfully, for we read that he was a pleasant singer, 'with a voice like a Jew's harp in the bass notes' (ii. 310). A second daughter of his contracted a matrimonial alliance with a master-sawyer, through whom a prominent railway-guard became intimately associated with the family (ii. 219).

The maiden name, however, no less than the Christian name of Mrs. Harris is unknown. In fact, we can gather little of her actual domestic life until after marriage, when we are told that she lived 'through the square and up the steps a-turnin' round by the tobacker shop' (ii. 218). Even here, the exact locality is not yet determined: possibly Red Lion Square, near Mrs. Gamp's own residence, is meant, though, if so, the spot is now undiscoverable. But if facts of this kind are few and uncertain, we can yet reconstruct in some small degree the domestic atmosphere in which she lived from day to day. That her husband was of a timid and nervous disposition is shown by his behaviour on the birth of his first son. He 'went and stopped his ears in a empty dog kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, wen bein' took with fits, the doctor collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told to ease her mind, his owls was organs' (ii. 350). But in spite of this very human weakness, he could occasionally be frank even to brutality. He hurt his wife's feelings sorely by hinting that their ninth child was one too many. He betrayed a fanatical devotion, it is true, in his treatment of her portrait (done before marriage at a cost of ten shillings and sixpence), which he 'wore faithful next his heart till the colour run' (ii. 299); but even this affection was qualified, apparently, by the moderation of his opinions on her good looks (*Ibid.*). Of his personal appearance and worldly means practically nothing can be ascertained. He was probably a fine upstanding figure of a man; at any rate his brother was six foot three in height (ii. 299). Probably, too, he was fairly well-to-do, for the picture of Mrs. Harris hanging in

Mrs. Gamp's chamber represented her in ball-costume (ii. 345)—a luxury which would hardly have fallen to the lot of a poor man's wife.

Mrs. Harris herself is spoken of as mild, equable, firm. She could bear without resentment plain speaking about her lack of personal beauty, though it is sufficiently evident that her strong yet amiable character lent a wonderful charm to otherwise plain features. "Oh, Mrs. Harris, ma'am!" (exclaimed Mrs. Gamp once, in a rhapsody of admiration) "your countenance is quite a angel's!" Which, but for Pimples, it would be' (ii. 299). This modesty and self-repression extended to public life; she was averse, even, from walking upon a wharf in the company of Gamp, until she was assured that she might do so without trespassing upon private ground (ii. 224).

A true womanly heart beat in her bosom, indeed, as Mrs. Gamp asserts; and in spite of her grave philosophical preoccupations, she found time to cultivate the virtues of domesticity with an assiduity and fervour which many modern thinkers of the same sex might well imitate. Little keepsakes, fond pledges of affection, such as the dislodged teeth of her friend (ii. 301), were treasured equally with more useful articles of daily consumption, and the air of gentle sentimentality attached to them is neither reprehensible nor weak. Her children, too, nine in number, were taught to love and revere their 'own Gammy' (ii. 355), as the favourite pupil was called, and to expect her coming eagerly.

Nor was she untried or unmoved by family trouble, the constant companion of the middle-class. She once sustained a very painful shock by suddenly seeing at Greenwich Fair, exhibited among 'freaks' and monstrosities of the most distressing description, a 'sweet infant, in her own family by the mother's side, kept in spirits in a bottle' (ii. 412). Her son Tommy, again, a fine healthy child, narrowly escaped suffocation in infancy owing to his swallowing a small red worsted shoe, and was only saved by the providential arrival of Mrs. Gamp herself, who found him alone, 'a-choakin' sweetly in the parlour' (ii. 356). Another son, we hear, was slightly deformed—'which thrive it did, though bandy' (ii. 350).

Our information so far is scanty enough. When we pass to consider Mrs. Gamp, details are fuller. Her life and personality, it may be said at once, are all-important. For thirty-five years

—or perhaps thirty-eight; Mr. Dickens, probably following variant recensions of the same MS., and overlooking the inconsistency, gives both numbers—she had known Mrs. Harris intimately; and this period probably covers nearly the whole life of the philosopher. At any rate, while Mrs. Gamp was presumably well on in age, having separated from her husband twenty years before her appearance in the *Martin Chuzzlew* memoir (i. 329), her friend is spoken of as still young (*Ibid.*). It is probable therefore that the elder lady had acted as nurse, domestic adviser, and confidante to the great thinker from the latter's earliest infancy. The intimacy of the two friends and fellow-workers in philosophy may be supported by a single instance—Mrs. Gamp knew the contents of Mrs. Harris's pockets (ii. 301). We can, then, accept with the fullest trust all Mrs. Gamp's statements both of doctrine and of fact.

Mrs. Gamp personally was of a full and commanding habit, with prominent but sympathetic eyes, a suave if not mellifluous voice, and a fresh rosy face of strongly marked character. To that extent, at any rate, we may modify Mr. Dickens's ex parte statement that she 'was a fat old woman . . . with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of it' (i. 328). She may even have been a little vain of her personal appearance, to judge from her pleasure at a hearty greeting from one of her landlord's customers (ii. 47). In ordinary conversation she had a marvellous command—nay, tyranny—of English, and her speech (if it is correctly reported) was not infrequently metaphorical to exuberance. Mr. Bailey, indeed, a gentleman of sporting proclivities, on one occasion found some difficulty in comprehending an exquisitely fanciful allusion of hers to the wings of love (ii. 7). Another fine phrase was her consignment of the 'Ankworks package' to 'Jonadge's belly' (ii. 218). A ready sympathy was hers, too, for by the accident of her position it was her mission at once to comfort the ailing and to relieve the anxious. 'And so the gentleman's dead, sir! Ah! the more's the pity,' was her consolation to Mr. Pecksniff (an eminent 'architect, artist, and man') on his first introduction to her (i. 328); 'but it's what we must all come to'—an aphorism no less true than healing.

By profession she practised medicine, and it is probable that from an early age she was engaged in those ministrations to the

sick and afflicted which afterwards brought her into such eminence. In her leisure time she was accustomed to meditate upon the mysteries of human life, and very possibly was thereby the first weighty influence brought to bear upon the mind of her who was in later life her teacher.

As already hinted, she had known sorrow and discomfort in her married life and in the separation which ultimately took place between her husband and herself. Mr. Dickens speaks of this separation as though the woman was at least as much to blame as the man; they parted, he says, 'on the ground of incompatibility of temper in their drink' (i. 329). No credence need be attached to such an unsupported statement. We do know, however, that Mr. Gamp, in his 'constancy of walkin' into wine vaults, and never comin' out again till fetched by force, was quite as weak as flesh, if not weaker' (ii. 218). Nevertheless, in spite of these distressing circumstances, his wife mourned his loss sincerely, and the passage in which she describes his death-bed to Mr. Pecksniff is full of simple dignity and natural pathos (i. 329). His portrait, with his wooden leg a prominent feature, hung in her chamber to the end (ii. 345).

Her domestic life while he lived must have been troublous indeed, and we can vividly picture the aching weariness of a partnership of sufficient length to produce a fairly numerous family—all of sons ('the blessing of a daughter was deniged me,' i. 424). We know that at least once her brutal husband struck her so forcibly as to dislodge several teeth (ii. 301). The children, too, suffered no less. Gamp 'drunk the little shoes right off the feet' of one loved son, 'and afterwards sent the child a errand to sell his wooden leg for any money it would fetch as matches in the rough, and bring it home in liquor: which was truly done beyond his years, for ev'ry individgle penny that child lost at toss or buy for kidney ones [presumably juvenile pastimes]: and come home arterwards quite bold, to break the news, and offering to drown himself, if sech would be a satisfaction to his parents.' The recital drew tears from her eyes, ready though she was at all times to lay aside her own griefs to aid others. Harrowing, too, was the recollection of her other children's fates: 'My own has fallen out of three-pair backs, and had damp doorsteps settled on their lungs, and one was turned up smilin' in a bedstead unbeknown' (ii. 218).

But the sordidness of an unhappy marriage forms painful

reading. Rather let us gaze upon what stands out in so bright a contrast—Sarah's ever-cheerful readiness to oblige and help others, her love of order, regular, yet unconventional, her little dogmatic whimsies of taste and pleasures, her unbiased but humble independence. 'Leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed,' she once said (i. 329), ever willing to put bodily convenience and the necessary routine of physical existence second to the arduous tasks of human fellowship. But that very quality of unselfishness was compatible with definite views of her own—'My half a pint of porter fully satisfies, perwisin' that it is brought regular and draw'd mild' (i. 425)—and with clearly marked likes and dislikes in food and drink and other necessities of life; and her honest outspokenness not infrequently prevented any 'impogician with the nuss,' for, as she herself said, 'I am not a Rooshan or a Prooshan, and consequently cannot suffer spies to be set over me' (i. 332). Or again, 'I'm easy pleased; it is but little as I wants, but I must have that little of the best, and to the minit when the clock strikes' (ii. 345). Her forethought and worldly wisdom were, in fact, remarkable. She would go so far as to reconnoitre carefully any new theatre of professional duty in order to discover exits in case of fire or any other grave disaster (i. 431). Affable, lively, com-
plaisant, she must have been a stimulating as well as an agreeable companion.

With a mere reference to Gamp's wide reputation for skill in her difficult profession, a reputation fully admitted even by the biographer of Martin Chuzzlewit, we may pass to her whilom friend and frequent collaborator, Prig. Elizabeth Prig was largely, perhaps even bonily built, with a fierce resolute expression on her strongly marked face, and more than a touch of masculinity in both character and appearance. 'Mrs. Prig was of the Gamp build, but not so fat, and her voice was deeper and more like a man's. She had also a beard' (i. 430). Her conversation seems to have been abrupt and brusque to a degree, her temper irritable and uncertain towards friends and patients alike; more than this we cannot gather.

Of her friendship with Gamp there can be no doubt, at any rate up to the time of Mrs. Harris's demise. And this brings us to the first difficulty in the proposed reconstruction. What precisely were the relations between Harris, Gamp, and Prig? It has been suggested, nay, proved, that Gamp was considerably

older than the great philosopher herself; and Prig, it is abundantly clear, was coeval with Sarah. It is equally indubitable that Mrs. Prig was not privileged to enjoy intimacy with Harris; at least in the pro-Prig work of Mr. Dickens, we have not the slightest hint of such a relation, and Mrs. Gamp speaks of Harris as 'unbeknown to you [*i.e.* E. P.] except by hearsay' (ii. 350). We are led, therefore, to the conclusion that Gamp was the favoured *chela* of the great *lama*, while Prig was probably the highest in rank of the circle of exoteric devotees.

But, granted this position, how can we approach Mr. Dickens's famous report of the Gamp-Prig schism? It must be confessed that, at first sight, it seems impossible to account for Mrs. Prig's apparently unpremeditated nihilism as detailed in this report. But consider the very natural difficulties of an editor—the inchoate correspondence, the almost unintelligible memoranda, the conflict of extravagant traditions. Mr. Dickens must have had to deal with an immense mass of undigested material, and the result, it is to be feared, has been a still greater confusion. The quarrel scene, in short, is a 'contamination' of two distinct narratives—one describing Mrs. Gamp breaking the news of Mrs. Harris's death to her friend, and the other recording the first open profession of creed by the Chozizontes.

Let us review the facts about the schism given in 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' Mrs. Prig, coming to tea with Mrs. Gamp in a quarrelsome mood, rudely interrupts her hostess in some communication from Mrs. Harris, and then denies Mrs. Harris's very existence—an inconsequent explosion which is to any fair mind inconceivable. Mrs. Harris is not, be it noted, spoken of as dead. But Mrs. Gamp is left after the momentous interview in a state of the most complete collapse, and the next day she is hardly better ('which fiddle-strings is weakness to expredge my nerves this night,' ii. 377). Asked by Jonas Chuzzlewit to name her nursing associate, she replies distractedly, 'Mrs. Harris'; and she receives a still more alarming shock at the request to fetch Mrs. Harris herself (*Ibid.*).

No. Such deep, such noble emotion would not have been caused by the mere promulgation of a heresy, vile though that heresy was. It is clear that at the time of the above interview between J. Chuzzlewit and Gamp, Harris was not alive. She had died a few days before. The beloved name rose to Mrs. Gamp's lips unconsciously in her passionate grief. Her ordinary avoca-

tions failed to distract her, and we learn that for some days afterwards she appeared to be in a 'walking swoon.'

Mr. Dickens, then, has confused two independent narratives. With this explanation the great heresy may almost be dismissed. Let us only ask the question, Is it likely? Is it within the bounds of common sense that a lady so prominent and popular as Mrs. Gamp should deliberately invent an author for a philosophy which, attributed to herself alone, would mean fame and immortality? Detractors are always to be found: Homer is assailed by a Wolff, Shakespeare by a Gallup, Bonaparte by the 'historic doubts' of a Whately. But let the name of Harris be preserved unharmed from its fanatical, its fantastical opponents.

Lastly we come to the philosophy and position of the school as a whole. Their *stoa* was in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, now demolished, and Mrs. Gamp herself 'lodged at a bird-fancier's, next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cat's-meat warehouse' (i. 325). Was there a reason for this neighbourhood being chosen as the site of the school? We believe there was. Their teaching, we shall see, was in a sense conservative. Kingsgate Street was the old thoroughfare out of London to Theobalds Palace, and echoed with the memory of monarchical associations and royal progresses. What place, therefore, more suitable to the genius of this old-new philosophy, especially as Gamp, the chief disciple, was violently opposed to rustic life (ii. 49)?

Vivid, indeed, was the scene upon which Seth Pecksniff burst in his search for Sarah. The flagged pavement rattled under his cabriolet wheels. The mean but historic street re-echoed with the sound of Sweedlepipe's thunderous knocker. 'At the first double knock, every window became alive with female heads' (i. 326). The Harrisidæ were doubtless eagerly awaiting a message from their teacher: 'Is it Mrs. Perkins?' was their leader's first question, 'or Mr. Whilks?'—the names, clearly, of various prominent satellites of the Mistress who were expected to bring the news. But their hopes were dashed; Mr. Pecksniff had come upon a mundane errand.

What then was this philosophy which roused so fervent a devotion? The keynote is this—that all metaphysical systems come in the end into collision with the hard facts of life, which fit no system; take everything, therefore, as it comes, without

complaint, and live so far as possible consistently. 'Sech is life. Vich likewise is the hend of all things' (ii. 48). Never, it may be confidently affirmed, has so profound a doctrine been so convincingly taught, so philosophically thought out, so carefully and practically inculcated in everyday life. 'How little puts us out!' cried the great thinker. 'A Punch's show, a chimbley sweep, a newfundlandog, or a drunkin man a-comin' round the corner sharp may do it' (ii. 49). 'Little do we know what lays afore us . . . seek not to proticipate, but take 'em as they come and as they go' (ii. 218). Deeply impressed as they were with the futility of human existence in 'this tearful walley,' they yet recognise the need for patient endurance. 'He was born into a wale,' said Mrs. Gamp on hearing of the (rumoured) death of Mr. Bailey, 'and he lived in a wale; and he must take the consequences of sech a sitiuation' (ii. 347). Man, affirms the true Harrisian, is not utterly base nor yet utterly good. 'We never knows wot's hidden in each other's hearts; and if we had glass winders there, we'd need to keep the shetters up, some on us' (ii. 51). Troubles may be in store for all—'Years and our trials sets marks upon us all' (i. 423)—even for the rich—'Rich folks may ride on camels, but it an't so easy for 'em to see out of a needle's eye' (i. 426). Above all, to repeat the fundamental position, 'take 'em as they come and as they go.'

It must not be imagined, however, that theirs was entirely a *laissez-faire* philosophy. On the contrary, lapses from duty were by none more strictly discountenanced than by Mrs. Harris and her school. Conscious of the duties as well as of the rights of citizenship, they sternly reprobated not only private but public inefficiency. Who does not remember Mrs. Gamp's celebrated denunciation of 'the pelisse' (the Metropolitan Constabulary), her righteous anger, her scathing satire on their useless self-adornment?

It is impossible here in the confined space at our disposal to give more than a bare outline, or to trace minutely the affinities of the school with other phases of thought. There is, however, one curious coincidence—if it is a coincidence merely—to which attention may be called in passing. 'Leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed,' said Mrs. Gamp in a passage already quoted. Add to this her known attachment to Mrs. Harris, and then say whether there is not a remarkable similarity with the following lines from

a poet who has obtained a vogue denied to the more profound but less popular Early Victorian philosopher:

A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!¹

But enough has been said to show how sorely Mrs. Harris, like that other great protagonist of womanly virtue, Mrs. Grundy, has been maligned. The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, but the merit of Harris shall not be obliterated, nor her name forgotten: that were an outrage which, to quote once again from the chief disciple, 'lambs could not forgive, nor worms forget.'

¹ A recent Northern writer (see *The Academy and Literature*, April 11, 1903) has claimed that Khayyam was in no small degree inspired by the writings of a Scotch poet, Robert Burns; and the above lines are quoted in support of this view. We have not read Mr. Burns's verses, but *a priori* it is more probable that both authors derive ultimately from Harris or Gamp. Harris, of course, as the name suggests, may have been of Scotch descent.

F. J. H. DARTON.

THE YOUNG FISHER.

THERE is no variety of sportsman who gets so much joy for so little slaughter as the juvenile angler. I have seen a small boy, at the end of six weeks' pertinacious fishing, exultant over his total of a hundred trout. But of these at least two-thirds went back to the stream, for he had been properly educated, and scorned to take undersized fish. Nothing under two ounces would satisfy his standard. But whether he kept them or not, the capture of each individual pinkeen was a triumph, and he would come in deploring, with a fine mastery of technicalities, that the salmon fry were rising very short. Doubtless in a few years he will be deploring, with equal earnestness, the same perverse behaviour in the adult salmon, and doubtless, in the light of pure reason, he is no more ridiculous now than he will be then.

Yet, although it will not then be quite so exhilarating to command the terms of art, to call flies by their proper names, and know the virtues of an orange-grouse or a bluebottle, still the spirit of the thing will be the same, for love of detailed discussion is one of the angler's chief characteristics. In the juvenile sportsman it figures with that touch of extravagance which makes the essence of caricature. Scales are already his delight, and, if the cook permits, he will weigh meticulously every single fish in a basket of two dozen, and will strain his arithmetic to construct averages—sometimes with surprising results; but, after all, how little unlike his instructors!

Naturally, the pursuit is fertile in material for those questions which form the staple of boys' conversation with their elders. There is no limit to the series of interrogations and hypothetical cases. 'Which do you think would pull hardest, a white trout of four ounces, or a brown trout of six?' If only on this account—but indeed by no means only on this account—it must be allowed that the young fisher tends to be a nuisance. But if he were not a nuisance in that way, he undoubtedly would be in some other; and in the meanwhile he is acquiring the great virtue of patience, and some little dexterity of hand, constantly needed to disentangle his own casting lines—which every young fisher should be not only encouraged but constrained to do. Moreover, he hardens his constitution by defying wind and weather,

and learns a fine disdain for mere meals, contemning even tea and cake while fish are rising, and frequently when they are not.

Those who cannot sympathise with such delights are not merely the uninitiated; they are the invincibly ignorant. But nearly every angler can look back on these hours of easily earned excitement; and one may be sorry for those who do not begin young, and consequently never know them. They may become just as expert; the best fisherman I know never fished till after he was married, but he has missed something that all his big days can never make up for.

I remember well the first fish I ever caught, partly because of the emotion, partly for the chastisement that followed. We were exploring along the rocks near the mouth of Lough Swilly, when in a cleft between them we espied certain small dark creatures— young pollack, or, as the local name is, *sheein*. Whether we had a rod, or whether a line was tied to the end of a walking-stick, I forget; but I was set to fish in the clear water, and presently a *sheein* took the bait—a small piece of mussel—and I hauled it into mid-air. But it dangled out of reach, for in my excitement I could not think how to hold my rod so that the line would fall beside me; and in stretching after it I toppled over, and, having been lugged out ignominiously, was soundly cuffed for my clumsiness.

I caught other *sheeins* there, and in later holidays captured dozens at Portstewart, fishing from the house in which, I believe, the defender of Ladysmith was born. About the same time began my days of fly-fishing, also under the tutelage of uncles; they continued unaided, and by the time I was sixteen or so I must have been tolerably expert, as I remember twice getting over four dozen fair-sized fish in the river which I will call the Owenmore. My first salmon dates, I think, from about that age, and I know there was trouble when I got him, for I had no licence, and this was the second fish killed on trout flies from our house within the week. One of my schoolmasters, a very old friend and an expert salmon-angler, assisted at the performance, and between us we walked the fish up on to a shallow, shoving it with our feet. It was a great moment, perhaps the greater since it came to a boy; but I have often heard boatmen and gillies tell me how gold has been heaped on them by elderly men whose first salmon they have gaffed.

It will be seen that I began fairly early, but my chances were

poor compared with those of a boy of my acquaintance whose father lives beside the best pool on that same river, and is perhaps the best fisherman who ever fished it. One day in spring the father was out on this pool, fishing it from a boat, and the rod lay in the stern with the line shortened. The youngster with him picked it up and began to cast; then came a small, deep rise, and the fly was taken—apparently by a trout. But in a moment there was a big rush and the reel screamed. The boatmen implored the father to take the rod, but he insisted that as the boy had hooked the fish he should kill him—if he could. And so the infant angler, about ten years old, was landed on the bank, and, with the butt of the big rod stuck well in his stomach, proceeded to fight the fish and finally to beat him. The salmon weighed seventeen pounds.

A boy so entered on the sport naturally sticks to it, and this year, when I went to fish the pool in question, I found this young gentleman just returned for his summer holidays. He had not yet had his chance there; but at Easter he had killed five salmon in a week, one on the free water; and probably, with a trout rod at least, he is as good as most of us. There is no sport in which complete proficiency can be attained earlier. I once went to fish at Ballina, and to my disgust found the river yellow with mud; big flies were of no avail, and I was driven to try the spoon, of which I had no experience. After half-an-hour's unprofitable loss of time and temper, I asked Jim Hearne's gossoon, who was poling the cot, if he understood the business. He modestly said he thought so; and in a minute this youngster, whose head would hardly reach my belt, was casting the spoon in a way that I could not manage under six weeks' practice.

But the young fishermen with whose experiences I am most recently familiar have not aspired to salmon, nor did I see them catch their first fish, which were mackerel and pollack, at Looe. I saw plenty, however, of their early efforts and the awful rivalries engendered, and I shall never to my dying hour forget the last of that fishing.

We were departing next day, and a final carnival of fishing was promised. It was ascertained by this time that the most profitable sport was not trolling for mackerel and pollack, but fishing about sundown from an anchored boat for the tiny bream, which are there called chad—with the off chance of a small conger to make a fearful joy.

Three little boys were rowed out by an old man in his punt,

and I followed in a skiff, sculling two little girls (one hardly more than a baby) and their nursery governess. The evening was dead calm, but it had blown strong, and off the river mouth we ran into a swell that made me wish devoutly that we were in a less crank vessel. However, we moored safely to one of the pilchard boats that lay at anchor, and began the fishing. That is to say, I began to chop a pilchard into small but disgusting pieces for bait.

I had realised by this that chad were much more easily caught with trout hooks and small baits than with the larger tackle used by the local fishers; and I put two hooks on each of those lines, for there was competition between the boats. Almost immediately fish began to take, sometimes one, sometimes two at a time; sometimes also the fishers would feel bites and haul in the line, only to find the bait gone. The smallest girl was barely able to pull in her own line, and none of the three fishers was able to keep the line, when hauled, from tangling; and I promise you their boatman was kept busy, slashing venomously at the bait, disentangling lines, unhooking the fish, which had back fins sharp as a perch's, and generally keeping an eye that no one went overboard. It was brisk sport, and the boat began to fill with the short, deep little fish, olive-brown, olive-green, olive-silvery; but, where she lay riding by the painter, the swell took her, and she pitched more than a little, and in a few moments the governess leaned over the side. I was for putting her ashore at once, but the little girls protested, more particularly the youngest, her special nursling, and the devoted woman stayed on. Yet it was not all self-sacrifice; the sporting spirit was strong in her, and she continued simultaneously to catch fish and be seasick, till at last night fell dark, the fish stopped biting, and we pulled in gingerly over the smooth, heavy swell where the river met the tide, and past the pier-head to the landing-place. I do not remember how many fish we had aboard—dozens anyhow—but the little girls had defeated their brothers, and were proud in proportion; and the heroic governess revived her drooping body in the exultation of this triumph.

It was a year later that education progressed another step, and the enthusiasts were taught to fish with the fly. Two youngsters accompanied a rather nervous parent to the little hotel at Lough Columb in Donegal; but there was no need for nervousness, as the whole establishment was even more eager to look after them than after the guests of a less troublesome age. We got out on Lough

na Mrack next day, under the charge of its best boatman, sometime a member of the constabulary. By his petitions, and against my better judgment, I was induced to rig the second cast, like my own, with three flies. I stipulated, however, that he should keep it in order.

The day was good, and it was not long before they saw that trout could be caught with a fly; but it was long enough before they caught one. One would not believe how many things can be done wrong with a trout line, even casting down the wind. First the flies would tangle round the rod; then when they were got into the water they remained stationary and sank; when this was altered, they were dragged through and whipped up again, to sing round the ears of everyone in the boat, where we sat with coat collar turned up and hats pulled down. And when, in spite of all, trout rose at the fly, the learners could not be induced to strike; when at last they did strike, it was with a vehemence fatal to tackle. The day must have been pretty well on when at last one trout rose to a trailing fly near the boat, and persisted in taking it. Then one began to see how complicated in reality is the process of keeping an even strain on a small fish—difficult as eating with a knife and fork, or any other elaborate accomplishment. But at last the fish came in, and the boatman was for insisting that I should land it. He said (in all seriousness) he would not like to take so great a responsibility. But at last the fish was landed, and others were got the same day—chiefly, however, by trolling behind the boat, which presents fewer difficulties.

It is certainly a good thing for the young to learn to fly-fish; nothing affords so excellent a discipline for the temper of their elders. The ex-policeman set me an example not to be forgotten, for though his face spoke of a hot temper (which is no longer a matter of conjecture to me), he unravelled and disentangled with a tireless patience: and it was pure joy to him when a small boy, having hooked a trout, reeled in desperately almost to the very gut, then, raising the point of his rod, jerked the fish out, while it swung back and forward, evading his hand—generally to drop off into the water, unless the landing-net succeeded in intercepting it, as you might say, on the wing.

Nevertheless, in three or four days a considerable number of fish were caught, and sent off to admiring relatives. Next year Lough Drummond gave lessons mainly in perseverance, but there were compensations in the cottage where we stayed—its clay

floor, its soda bread, its dogs, hens, ducks, calves, and live stock generally. But this last summer the return to Lough na Mrack was an event, and the ex-policeman was an old friend, and one who made us welcome. The rest of the party arrived a day before the schoolboys, and the little girls had each caught her fish, trolling the fly, before their brothers came on the scene late in the afternoon. Great were the greetings; and it was the boatman who petitioned that they should get out after dinner and fish till dark night, for, as he said to me, 'the countenance of them would decoy you.' So they fished and caught their fish, the evening closing with wild excitement when the single boy who had been out of luck reeled up excitedly as we trolled home; and when a fish came in on the bob fly, the tail of the cast was still deep in water, and he landed two at once.

And of all the people in the boat I believe the boatman was the most pleased—although we had kept him out till ten o'clock that evening. Irish people are surprisingly fond of children, and we had a pretty illustration of their fondness a few days later when a party of us rowed up Lough Columb to picnic and attempt the minnow on the Bolb, a deep stream which flows in at the head. After some not very serious fishing, we made our way in between the winding banks of a channel which flows in serpentine curves for a mile or so level with the lake. Rowing up this, we trailed the minnow, in hope of some monster of a black trout—but our chief capture was one little pinkeen, which had contrived somehow to seize a bait half as long as himself. At last we pulled in to a bank, and turned out our lunch, while the industrious boatman crossed the river, lifted a few turfs from a neighbouring stack, and set to lighting a fire. By the time we had finished eating and drinking he had prepared for us a surprise dessert, small trout broiled in the embers, which those of us who dared ate with our fingers—a messy proceeding; but the flavour of peat and an open-air appetite make brown trout delicious. Meanwhile, our journey up, and our rambles among the meadows which border on the Bolb, had interested the neighbourhood; and as we entered the lake and began to fish down, our boatman called our attention to a large pink object lying on top of a rock. It was, he said, a bunch of roses which a woman from one of the cottages had left there for us.

Looked at across the lake, it seemed like scarlet paper, and we all were convinced that our friend was joking us. But as we fished the drift across and neared the shore, it became evident

that he spoke the simple truth. There was an enormous nosegay of old-fashioned roses laid on a rock by the water's edge, and fixed there with a stone. He had seen the woman of a cottage on the hill above run down surreptitiously, leave them there, and disappear. So pretty a civility could not go unrecognised, so one of us, with a couple of the children, waded ashore with half a dozen trout in the net, made our way up through a field or two, and came on a little cottage of the usual type, but, for a wonder, simply smothered in roses; and there was the pleasant, kindly little woman, who explained by saying that she had seen the children at the hotel, and lost her heart to them—though she had a tribe of her own. They all seem to think, as old Peggy, the guardian of St. Columb's birthplace, said to me, that 'childer is a very heart-some thing about a place.' And whatever boatman I ever fished with in Ireland, you might leave him in charge of small boys with perfect confidence that he would neither drown them (perhaps the most natural thing to do) nor lose his temper with them, nor, to use another of Peggy's words, 'give them bad parables' in any way.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE INGENUITY OF MR. CLINTON BATHURST.

I.

THERE are men whose grievance against life is that it is too short. Twenty-four hours stint their day's work. The time of sleep is encroached upon; they grudge any moment to unconsciousness. Such men hate anniversaries. New Year's Day is an offence. It indicates that three hundred and sixty-five more days have passed, and yet their hearts' desire is incomplete. They foresee the end of life, that will find some task unaccomplished, some ambition unfulfilled.

Edgar Clinton Bathurst was at the very antipodes of this intellectual position. He was thirty-eight years old, rich, indolent, and unmarried. Existence failed to interest him. The birds that rioted in his ancestral woods, the rare flowers which his six gardeners cultivated, even the beautiful old grey-stone house, with its long French windows opening out upon vast lawns, the river purling and rippling beyond, merely bored him. Less than a quarter of the home he had inherited was really occupied. A small *corps d'armée* of servants swept and dusted the whole of it. He could have entertained a host of relations if he had had them, or a company of friends if he had cared to make any. But, being alone in the world, almost the last survivor of a great name, he chose to isolate himself, yawned from meal to exquisite meal, and shunned the company of John Clinton, his steward, second cousin, nearest relative, from the day when that conscientious person, who had tired of administering an estate which seemed to give no delight to its owner, roundly lectured him on the duties of a landed proprietor, and informed him, to his surprise, that wealth has obligations as well as comforts.

'Be good enough to leave me alone, John,' he had said. 'See that the servants do their duty, and dispose in any way you choose of the fruit and flowers; but please, please, do not fatigue me with the details. If you wish to cultivate my esteem, you will make the place run itself like a well-ordered digestion—so that the work is done without the owner being aware of it.'

Clinton shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the room. The cousins rarely met. After all, John Clinton reflected, it would be foolish to quarrel with an existence which gave him work in plenty, a good income, and a hundred times more

pleasure than his employer. So he rode Bathurst's horses, managed Bathurst's affairs, and every year when he made up Bathurst's accounts (which Bathurst absolutely declined to look at) saw Bathurst becoming automatically richer. He was no fanatic, was Clinton; only an exceedingly honest man. He would have gone to the stake to guard a trust; but he wasn't going to incommode himself by refusing to do honestly what Bathurst would be perfectly content to leave to any one of a hundred other men who would have plundered him.

Bathurst was a great fool, I hear you say. John Clinton thought him one. But he was not.

He had a strong inherited genius for mechanics. His rooms at Oxford had contained (to the scandal of the other men on his stair) a small armoury of lathes, cramps, vices, tool-racks, and other paraphernalia wherewith he amused himself in the intervals of the small amount of reading which his untroubled mind needed for the degree his father insisted upon. When on his father's death he unhesitatingly came down, degreeless, and established himself at home, he had these things installed in a room at the beginning of the south wing, persuading himself that he would ride there the only hobby he possessed. He did, in fact, from time to time, unlock the door and do a little ivory-turning. But as the years went on, and he perceived that it was perfectly possible to exist without the trouble of amusing himself, these visits became fewer and fewer. It is easy, with practice and a good digestion, to sleep from ten to eight, make the operation of bathing and dressing take up an hour and a half, read German *Tendenz-Romane* all the morning, take a nap after luncheon or a walk before dinner, and escape all worries except boredom. You can do these things, I say, easily enough if you have a good steward, a good butler, a good valet, and a good digestion. The only annoyance which perturbed Clinton Bathurst's calm was the fact that servants are occasionally human, and bore one with their existence and their unimportant tragedies.

Bathurst's indolence was purely wilful. His health was perfect. He had rarely had so much as a headache, and he vastly resented the smallest physical discomfort. That each of his meals should be a triumph of gastronomy was not with him a requirement, but a matter of course. That nothing should ever hurt him was a duty owed to Clinton Bathurst by the Universe.

When, therefore, it occurred to him one evening that life was not, after all, worth living, the discovery can hardly be dignified

with the name of an emotion. He shunned emotions as he shunned every other form of exercise, and eschewed thought as he eschewed all exertion. A mind which occupies itself during all the waking hours of every day with reading what it has no intention of remembering, becomes, eventually, incapable of remembering anything at all. Clinton Bathurst's bad memory was a thing he was indeed rather proud of. He cultivated it. There were times when it almost seemed to give interest to life. It had surprises.

The reflection I speak of, therefore, cannot be said to have perturbed him. He meditated, between lunch-time and tea, upon the fact that he was thirty-eight years old, and that there was nothing whatever which he in the least cared to do. The day was inclement. A fine rain drizzled through the trees which approach the east side of Bathurst Place and protect it from March winds. The gravel drives had little pools by the sides of them. The lawns were sodden, and the birds that nested in the ivy were chirping in the disconsolate tone which unmistakably announces a wet day. Perhaps the bad weather had some influence upon Bathurst's thoughts. He would not be able to take his usual walk. This was a nuisance. Presently it would be necessary to go upstairs and dress for dinner, and somehow he was disinclined for this exertion. During nearly twenty years he had been at the ridiculous trouble of dressing for dinner every night: he would go on probably for thirty years more (he had an excellent constitution) dressing himself twice a day, and wasting in this rather troublesome manner time which might otherwise have been occupied by sitting in an arm-chair and reading books which do not disturb the emotions. Was it really worth while? Yet how could Bathurst avoid it? He suddenly resolved that he would kill himself. When you were dead, you rested without intermission. Bathurst loved rest. It had often occurred to him that sleep was the only really satisfactory thing in life. You were not bored while you slumbered.

'Damn the fellow!' John Clinton once remarked of him. 'A good healthy fit of passion would do him all the good in the world. He cares for nothing but sleep.'

Well, death was a never-ending sleep. One did not wake up. Decidedly Bathurst would kill himself. He had no fear of death. No dread, no 'To be or not to be,' gave him pause. He was an absolute materialist. He did not care to exert his mind sufficiently to perceive the philosophical absurdity of that negation of faith.

But he was an epicure of the emotions, as of everything else. As he reflected on the idea just referred to, it occurred to him that there must be a moment of resolution. To pull the trigger, to drink the cup, to plunge a knife into some artery, to take whatever necessary step he decided upon would, at the last, require decision. There would be a supreme moment—a moment not like any other moment in his life. Bathurst hated individual, unaccustomed moments. And at the last there would be fear, there would be a mental struggle, there would be pain. He detested pain. He shirked the mental agony of the supreme, determinant hour. This was a drawback.

Perhaps, after all, he had better go on living. Living did not hurt.

Then came an idea—an idea that almost interested him. What if he could die and yet not suffer! How delightful it would be if someone should murder him! But he had never been sufficiently energetic to make an enemy, and he was a kindly soul enough. There was something he could do, however—something which could dispense with that last dreaded hour, dispense with mental conflict, spare him all pain of mind. He would die by accident—by accident carefully prepared and yet unforeseen! His wretched memory should do the business for him! For the next few minutes he positively enjoyed himself. The exercise of thinking, so long eschewed, was unexpectedly agreeable to him. He rang for fresh tea. The other had grown cold, and his bell caused something like a sensation in the servants' hall. The oldest housekeeper, telling the saddest tale, could recall no precedent of it.

There had fortunately been a kettle on the fire. Mr. Clinton Bathurst did not have to wait long, but by the time his second tea tray arrived his plan was fully formed. He drank his tea deliberately; a stir in his mind, which had in it an element that in any other man might have amounted to excitement, was not permitted to interfere with the sacred calm of even so slight a meal as tea. If Bathurst had proposed to destroy himself in half an hour's time, he would still have drunk his tea deliberately. But as soon as he had finished he went straight to the gun-room, chose and carefully loaded one chamber of a revolver (there was no object in taking the trouble to put cartridges in the other five), and, slipping it into his pocket, repaired to the south wing, where he unlocked the door of the only disused room which was not dusted and kept in order by the servants—the room where his tools and mechanical apparatus were kept. He worked here

for nearly an hour. When he had finished—the job was unexpectedly interesting and the mechanic in him quite revelled among the difficulties which he successively overcame—the revolver, firmly clamped to the die-chuck of the largest lathe, had its trigger connected with the door by a series of jointed rods, so contrived that on the door being opened a certain number of inches the revolver would be discharged, and send its bullet directly into the brain of a man of Mr. Clinton Bathurst's height engaged in entering the room.

He then carefully relocked the door, and proceeded to his dressing-room. He was already five minutes late, and a message had to be sent to the kitchen to delay dinner. Five minutes late in dressing meant to Bathurst five minutes late in sitting down to dinner, and cold soup would be a miserable conclusion to an afternoon so interestingly spent.

Mr. Clinton Bathurst had a capital appetite this evening, and was in good spirits. By an unusual, riotous inspiration he sent for John Clinton to dine with him.

II.

It has already been sympathetically remarked that the smoothness of Mr. Clinton Bathurst's life would have been perfect but for the presumptuous fact that servants have a way of becoming, from time to time, human. Thanks to John Clinton, this kind of thing was only very rarely permitted to impinge upon Bathurst's consciousness.

I regret to say that on a certain occasion it was John Clinton himself who inflicted this outrage on his employer. He arrived one morning after breakfast in the great oak-panelled library, and delivered himself of an announcement that was catastrophic—cataclysmal.

'Edgar,' he said, strolling in with hands in pockets, and presenting, as Bathurst pleurably noted, a handsome figure in his brown tweed jacket and riding breeches, 'Edgar, can I have a word with you?'

'Most certainly. What's wrong?'

'I don't know that anything's wrong,' said Clinton, taking a hand from his pocket to give a twist to his short-cut, fair moustache. 'Indeed, I don't know but what it's an uncommonly good thing for you. I've to go.'

Mr. Clinton Bathurst carefully deposited his book on a table. 'To go!' he echoed, in amazement.

'The fact is—I haven't bothered you with the details,' John Clinton interjected—'that I am going to marry. Not in any great hurry: I'll help you to find someone, if I can't persuade you to take over the place yourself, which would be best for all parties. But I must leave you.'

'My dear John, why?' his cousin inquired, taking up his book again. He had expected something much more serious. 'Marry by all means, if you think proper. I don't know why you want to do such a thing, and it's fortunately no business of mine. But surely to goodness there's room enough in the house for you and me too! Why go, merely because you want to get married? You can take the north wing—I haven't entered it for years—and let's go on just as we are. I've no earthly objection to a man's marrying if he wants to. I shall take it as a favour if you'll marry and continue to be my housemate. Is there any imaginable reason why you shouldn't?'

'Well, there's the housekeeping,' said John Clinton bluntly.

'Do I keep the house?' inquired his cousin, with a certain testiness. 'You've simply to give orders to the housekeeper. I don't want to know anything about it; but I do know that it's done without a quarter of the waste that would go on if any other man had the management of it, and you can save me money by remaining, if you had as many wives as a Mormon elder. Get away with you, and make your plans. Let things slide for a couple of months; nothing will go wrong while you're on the premises, and you couldn't have a more admirable place for a honeymoon—that's certain.'

He opened his book to indicate that the interview, in his judgment, was at an end. It wasn't. The spirit of John Clinton rebelled; but Clinton Bathurst was no miser, and he had tact enough to overcome some natural scruples of his cousin on the score of adding to the quarterly bills. 'Look here,' he said coolly, 'your salary isn't payment. I am everlastingly in debt to you for a quiet life. I have often told you to draw more money, and you won't. It's any man's right to increase his steward's income, and if I didn't hate anything in the shape of a duty I should have insisted on doubling yours long ago. I make you a wedding present of the furniture in the north wing, I assign the north wing to you as your especial residence, and I regard your wife'—Bathurst was about to shrug his shoulders and say, 'as an appendage,' but he caught John Clinton's eye and restrained himself—'as one flesh with yourself.'

So the matter was settled. The wedding took place at the bride's house. 'Mr. Clinton Bathurst—cheque,' figured among the wedding presents, and the cheque was a handsome, without being an embarrassing one: Bathurst had tact. In due course Mrs. Clinton—a very pretty and sensible woman—presented herself, and met with a charming reception, and everything went on as usual. The John Clinton baby was five days old before Bathurst heard of its existence, and its arrival was announced to him, at the end of one of their brief conversations, by the father in these terms:

'By the way, Edgar, my wife had a little girl on Sunday morning.'

'Indeed!' said Mr. Clinton Bathurst, 'I'm sure I congratulate you.'

III.

I doubt if the proprietor of Bathurst Place was ever aware of the fact, but the old house and its gardens took on many new characteristics with the advent of Mary Clinton. Beautiful they had always been; but their loveliness had elements which the 'County,' though it had long ago given up Clinton Bathurst himself as impossible, noted. The John Clintons were very well known and liked in the neighbourhood. The house itself had taken on a new air. The influence of a refined and delicately cultured womanhood was fragrant within and without it.

On a warm August afternoon when the Clintons were paying calls, their little Helga, now not quite three years old, remaining in the charge of her nurse, Bathurst sat in the long drawing-room, reading as usual, when an unaccustomed step on the gravel path fell on his ear. It was a step that faltered and stammered, too light to suggest a stagger, too uncompromising to hint of a spy. Then, in the large, sky-backed oblong formed by one of the open French windows, appeared the owner of the footstep—a little girl, radiantly lovely, clothed in white China silk; the little face, 'sunning over with curls,' still flushed as by sleep, the small red lips half unclosed over pearl-like teeth, and one hand, pink as a blush rose, holding to the woodwork. Two great blue eyes met Mr. Clinton Bathurst's gaze frankly and without fear. There was a moment's pause. Then the child toddled towards him, and laid a hand on his knee, looking up into his face.

'Bless me!' said the owner of Bathurst Place, 'where have you sprung from?'

Helga disregarded the inquiry without scruple ('we're all born princes'). 'I like mans,' she observed irrelevantly.

'Yes?' he inquired. The situation and the remark were new to him.

'Do you like womans?' this small visitor pursued, still looking up.

'Er—yes. I like womans,' Bathurst politely conceded. What embarrassment existed was all on his side.

'Take me on yours knee then!' said the princess, holding up her arms. 'I know who you are.'

'Oh, do you?' said Mr. Clinton Bathurst, with a laugh.

There was a rustling of starched skirts without, and a young woman, blushing furiously, appeared, twisting her apron and looking very much afraid.

'Go away,' the princess commanded from Bathurst's knee. The girl hesitated, with a foot on the door-step. The master of the house looked up. 'Who may you be?' he inquired.

She came forward awkwardly. 'I'm Miss Helga's nurse, sir,' she explained, with more blushes—a very pretty girl in her white *piqué* frock. 'I'm very sorry, sir. I—I only stepped out for a moment, thinking baby was asleep.' She made as if to take the child, but the latter nestled against her new friend. 'No harm,' said Bathurst curtly. 'You need not wait. I shall send for you if I want you.'

'I like you,' said the child to Bathurst, and put up her face. He had never, so far as he remembered, kissed a child before. The small rose-petal of a mouth was cool and dewy-soft on his lips. The indescribable fragrance of a child's hair haunted his sense. Here, certainly, was an experience undreamed of, unprecedented. It is safe to say that Mr. Clinton Bathurst had never welcomed an invasion of his privacy with so much inward tolerance. He even exerted himself to make conversation. 'But you haven't told me who I am,' he reminded her.

'Yes, you are,' she replied, with an air of correction. 'You're the man that lives in the other part of my faver's house.' Show me your fingers.'

She straightened her bare legs, slid down, and took him by a finger. They walked round the room together, and inspected it in detail. A set of Indian chessmen, which Clinton Bathurst had once amused himself by copying on his lathe, attracted her attention. He lifted the glass case, and set her on a chair, that she might examine the pieces one by one.

'I know what that is,' she informed him, holding up the beautifully fashioned object which represented one of the rooks, 'that's an ephelphant. What's that fing on his back?'

'That's a castle,' said Bathurst. 'And this'—he showed her another piece—'is the White Queen. And you,' he told her, 'are the golden princess.'

'I'm Helga Bathurst Pomeroy Clinton,' she corrected him. 'Tell the ephelphant to hold up his trunk.'

'I can't'; said Bathurst. 'He doesn't know how to.'

'Then he isn't a real ephelphant—on'y p'etend?' she complained.

'On'y p'etend,' he admitted. 'Would you like a set of pieces like this for your own—to take to your nursery with you?'

'Oh, yes, yes!' she cried. 'Yes, mine would!' She held up a pair of snowy arms to take him by the neck, and he stooped, and kissed her again. 'Then I'll go and see if I can find them, if you promise me to sit still here and not break anything!' he told her. She nodded enthusiastically. Bathurst hurried off to the south wing, feeling in his pocket for the key.

IV.

In the hideous consternation and derangement which had overwhelmed the house when John Clinton returned, half an hour later, no one remarked the fact that little Helga had strayed from her nursery, and been hastily conveyed back again by her maid, vaguely protesting, but overawed by the sudden rush of men and women which followed a loud report, like one of her father's guns, in a distant part of the house. It was only when her mother put her to bed that night—for babies must go to bed, even when there is a man lying with the blood-stains not yet removed from his clothing—that the coroner and the police may judge all things next day—and the child inquired persistently where the kind man was, and why he had not brought her the ephelphants, that the story of Helga's afternoon was gradually pieced together. Mary Clinton wept many tears as she repeated it to her husband. But I do not know that she need have cried; for, after all, Bathurst had got what he wanted, and it is my private opinion that this last hour of his was probably, on the whole, the only perfectly happy hour of his misspent and wasted life.]

T. BARON RUSSELL.

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